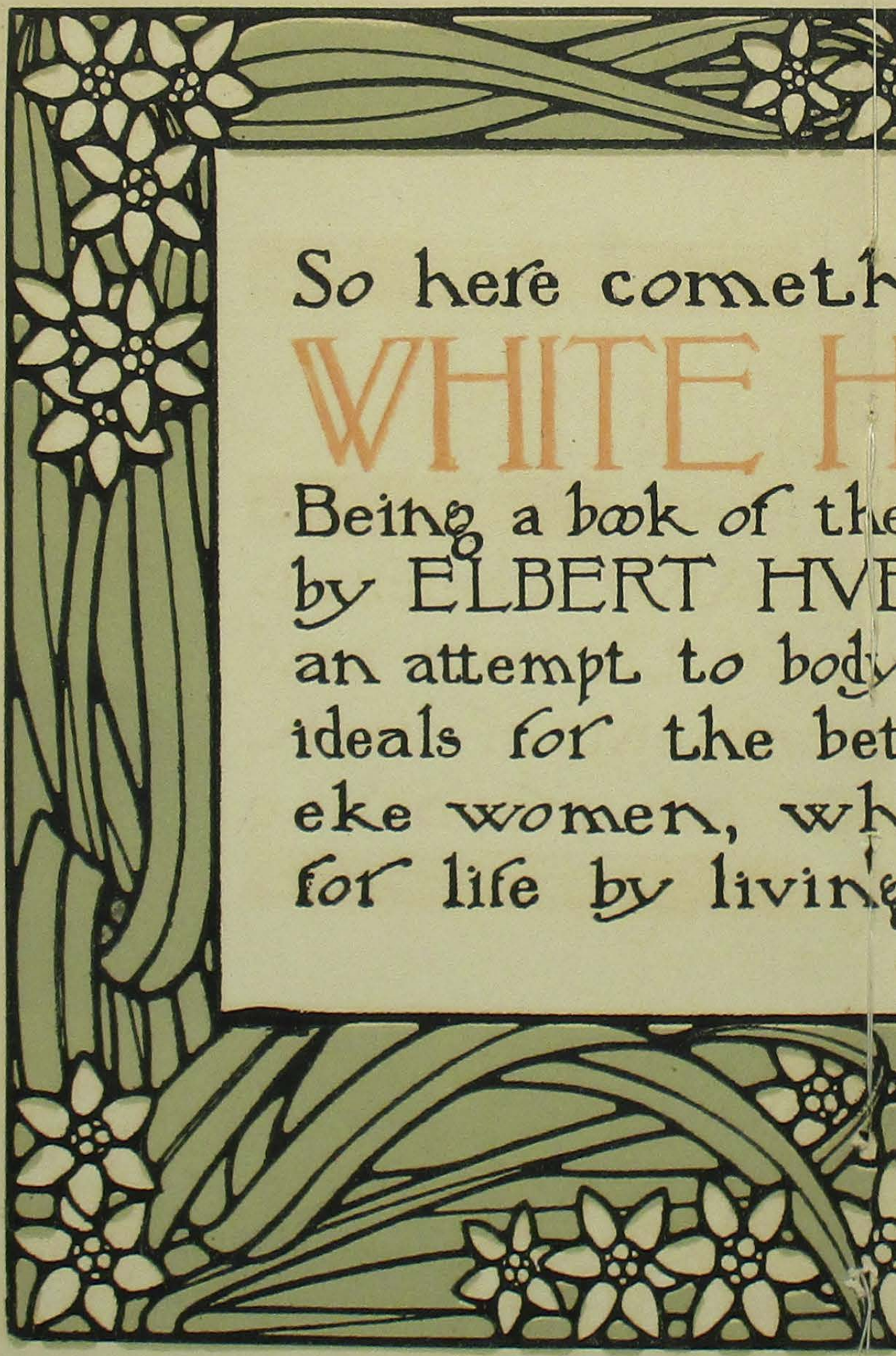
WHITE
HYACINTHS
BY
ELBERT
HUBBARD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by
Elbert Hubbard

If I had but two loaves of bread I would sell one of them and buy White Hyacinths to feed my soul.

GERSPARD

WHITE HYACINTHS

COMMON question this, "Would you care to live your life over again?" Not only is it a common question, but a foolish one, since we were sent into life without our permission, & are being sent out of it against our will, and the option of a return ticket is not ours But if urged to reply I would say with Benjamin Franklin, "Yes, provided, of course, that you allow me the author's privilege of correcting the second edition." If, however, this is denied, I will still say, "Yes," and say it so quickly it will give you vertigo In reading the *Journal of John Wesley* the other day, I ran across this item written in the author's eighty-fifth year, "In all of my life I have never had a period of depression nor unhappiness that lasted more than half an hour." I can truthfully say the same. One thing even Omnipotence cannot do, and that is to make that which once occurred never to have been. THE PAST IS MINE

HAT does life mean to me? Everything! Because I have everything with which to enjoy life.

I own a beautiful home, well furnished, and this home is not decorated with a mortgage.

I have youth—I am only fifty—and as in degree the public is willing to lend me its large furry ear, I have prospects.

I have a library of five thousand volumes to read; and besides, I have a little case of a hundred books to love, bound in full levant, hand-tooled

I have four paid-up Life Insurance Policies in standard companies; a little balance in the Savings Bank; I owe no man, and my income is ample for all my wants.

Then besides I have a saddle-horse with a pedigree like unto that of a Daughter of the Revolution; a Howard watch, and a fur-lined overcoat So there now, WHY SHOULD N'T I ENJOY LIFE?

ANTICIPATE your answer, which is, that a man may have all of these things enumerated and also have indigestion and chronic Bright's disease, so that the digger in the ditch, than he, is happier far. Your point is well taken, and so I will gently explain that if I have any aches or pains I am not aware of them I have never used tobacco, nor spirituous liquors, nor have I contracted the chloral, cocaine, bromide or morphine habit, never having invested a dollar in medicine, patented, proprietary, nor prescribed. In fact I have never had occasion to consult a physician. I have good eyesight, sound teeth, a perfect digestion, and God grants to me His great gift of sleep. ¶ And again you say, very well, but you yourself have said, "Expression is necessary to life," and that the man who has everything is to be pitied, since he has nothing to work for, and that to have everything is to lose all, for life lies in the struggle.

LL the points are well made. But I have work to do—compelling work—that I cannot delegate to others. ❧ This prevents incipient smugosity & introspection. For more than twelve years I have written the copy for two monthly magazines ❧ During that time no issue of either magazine has been skipped. The combined paid-in-advance circulation of these periodicals is over two hundred thousand copies each issue, giving me an audience, counting at the conservative rate of three readers to a magazine, of over half a million souls ❧

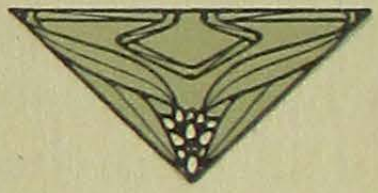
Here is a responsibility that may well sober any man, and which would subdue him, actually, if he stopped to contemplate it ❧ The success of Blondin in crossing Niagara Gorge on a wire, with a man on his back, hinged on his not stopping to think it over. ¶ When I write I never consider what will be done with the matter, how it will be

liked, and who will read it. I just write for myself ❧ And the most captious, relentless critic I have is myself. When I write well, as I occasionally do, I am filled with a rapturous, intoxicating joy. No pleasure in life compares with the joy of creation—catching in the Cadmean mesh a new thought—putting salt on the tail of an idea. And a certain critic has said that I can catch more ideas with less salt than any man in America ❧ I am not sure whether the man was speaking ironically or in compliment, but since the remark has been bruited abroad, it has struck me as being fairly good, and so I here repeat it, for I am making no special attempt in this article and elsewhere, to conceal the fact that I am still on earth.

One book I wrote has attained a sale of over a hundred thousand copies, although selling at the unpopular price of two dollars a volume. And one article I wrote and published in one of the magazines, to which I have just referred, has been translated into eleven languages & been reprinted over twenty-four

million times, attaining a wider circulation, I believe, than any article or book has ever attained in the same length of time.

In saying these things I fully realize that no man is ever in such danger of being elected an honorary member of the Ananias Club as he who states the simple truth



N order to write, one requires respite and rest in change. Ideas come to one on the mountains, while tramping the fields, at the wood-pile. When you are in the best condition is the time to do nothing, for at such a time, if ever, the divine current surges through you. If we could only find the cosmic switchboard when we want to think, how delightful it would be to simply turn on the current! But no, all we can do is to walk, ride horseback, dig in the garden, placing ourselves in receptive mood and from the Unknown the ideas come. Then to use them is a matter of the workroom.

And so to keep my think-apparatus in good working order I dilute the day with much manual work—which is only another word for play

Big mental work is done in heats. Between these heats are intervals of delightful stupidity. To cultivate his dull moments is the

mark of wisdom for every thought-juggler who aspires to keep three balls in the air at one time. In the course of each year I give about a hundred lectures.

Public speaking, if carried on with a moderation, is a valuable form of mental excitation. Ill health comes from too much excitement, or not enough. Platform work keeps your mental pores open and tends to correct faulty elimination of mental dross.

¶ To stand before an audience of a thousand people for two hours with no manuscript, and only your tongue and brain to save you from the ruin that may engulf you any instant, & which many in your audience hope will engulf you, requires a goodly modicum of concentration.

I have seen the giving way of a collar button in an impassioned moment, cross-buttock a Baptist preacher. I am always prepared for accidents in oratory, such say, as a harmless necessary cat coming on the stage without her cue. In public speaking one shakes the brush piles of thought and starts

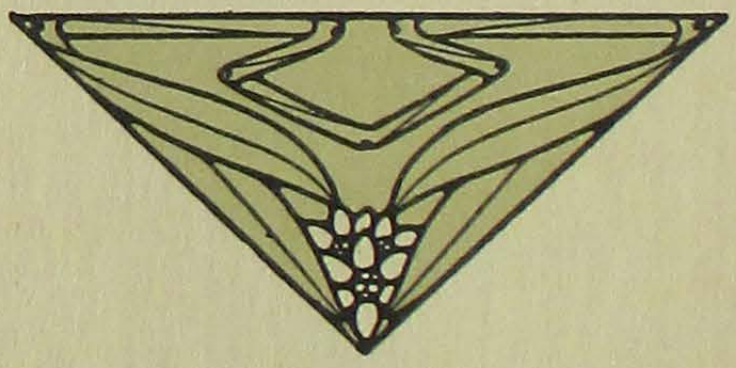
a deal more game than he runs down at the time, and this game which he follows up at his leisure, and the stimulus of success in having stayed the limit, makes for mental growth

But besides writing and public speaking, I have something to do with a semi-communistic corporation called The Roycrofters, employing upwards of five hundred people. The work of The Roycrofters is divided into departments as follows: a farm, bank, hotel, printing plant, bookbindery, furniture factory and blacksmith shop.

The workers in these various departments are mostly people of moderate experience, and therefore more or less superintendence is demanded. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty but of success in business, and knowing this I keep in touch with all departments of the work. So far, we have always been able to meet our pay roll. All of the top-notchers in the Roycroft Shops have been evolved there, so it will be seen that we aim to make something besides

books. In fact we have a brass band, an art gallery, a reading room, a library, and we have lectures, classes or concerts every night in the week. Some of these classes I teach, and usually I speak in the Roycroft Chapel twice a week on current topics.

These things are here explained to make clear the point that I have no time for ennui or brooding over troubles past or those to come. Even this article is written on bi-product time, on board a railroad train, going to meet a lecture engagement, seated with a strange fat man who talks to me, as I write, about the weather, news from nowhere, and his most wonderful collection of steins.



LL of which, I hear you say, is very interesting, but somewhat irrelevant and inconsequential since one may have all of the things just named, and also hold the just balance between activity and rest, concentration and relaxation, which we call health, and yet his life be faulty, incomplete, a failure for lack of one thing—LOVE.

Your point is well made.

When Charles Kingsley was asked to name the secret of his success he replied, "I had a friend."

If asked the same question I would give the same answer.

I might also explain that my friend is a woman

This woman is my wife, legally and otherwise

She is also my comrade, my companion, my chum, my business partner.

There has long been a suspicion that when

God said, "I will make a helpmeet for man," the remark was a subtle bit of sarcasm.

¶ However, the woman of whom I am speaking proves what God can do when He concentrates on His work.

My wife is my helpmeet, and I am hers.

¶ I do not support her, rather, she supports me. All I have is hers—not only do I trust her with my heart, but with my pocket-book. And what I here write is not a tombstone testimonial, weighed with a granitic sense of loss, but a simple tribute of truth to a woman who is yet on earth in full possession of her powers, her star still in the ascendant.

I know the great women of history. I know the qualities that go to make up, not only the superior person but the one sublimely great. Humanity is the raw stock with which I work.

I know how Sappho loved and sang, and Aspasia inspired Pericles to think and act, and Cleopatra was wooed by two Emperors of Rome, and how Theodora suggested the

Justinian code and had the last word in its compilation. I know Madam De Stael, Sarah Wedgwood, George Eliot, Susanna Wesley, Elizabeth Barrett. I know them all, for I can read, and I have lived, and I have imagination.

And knowing the great women of the world, and having analyzed their characters and characteristics, I still believe that Alice Hubbard, in way of mental reach, sanity, sympathy and all-round ability, out-classes any woman of history, ancient or modern, mentally, morally and spiritually. To make a better woman than Alice Hubbard one would have to take the talents and graces of many great women and omit their faults. If she is a departure in some minor respects from a perfect standard it is probably because she lives in a faulty world, with a faulty man, and deals with faulty folks, a few of whom, doubtless, will peruse this article.

IGHT here, of course I hear you say, but love is blind, or at least myopic, and every man who ever loved, says what you are saying now. The nature of love is exaggeration, and to take a woman and clothe her with ideality, this is love. ¶ And you speak wisely. But let me here explain that while the saltness of time in my ego has not entirely dissolved, I have reached a time of life when feminine society is not an actual necessity. I am at an age when libertines turn saints, and rogues become religious. However, I have never gone the pace, and so I am neither saint nor ascetic, and the eternally feminine is not now, and never was to me a consuming lure. And while the flush of impetuous youth, with its unreasoning genius of the genus, is not mine, I am not a victim of amor senilis, and never can be, since world problems, not sensations, fill my dreams and flood my hours.

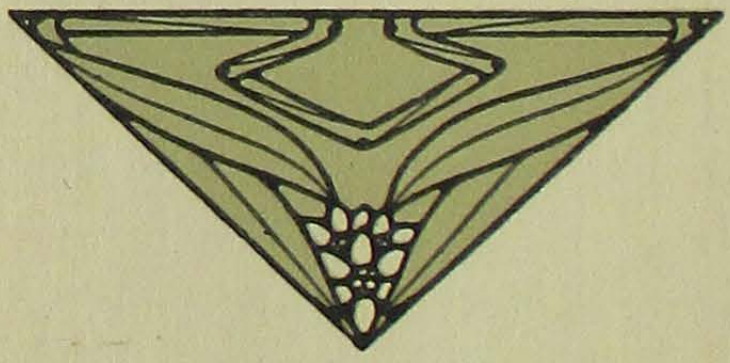
The youth loves his doxie in the mass; I analyze, formulate and reduce character to its constituent parts.

And yet, I have never fully analyzed the mind of the woman I love, for there is always and forever an undissolved residuum of wit, reason, logic, invention and comparison bubbling forth that makes association with her a continual delight. I have no more sounded the depths of her soul than I have my own. What she will say and what she will do are delightful problems; only this, that what she says and what she does will be regal, right, gracious, kindly—tempered with a lenity that has come from suffering, and charged with a sanity that has enjoyed, and which knows because through it plays unvexed the Divine Intelligence that rules the world and carries the planets in safety on their 'customed way—this I know. ¶ Perhaps the principal reason my wife and I get along so well together is because we have similar ideas as to what constitutes wit. She laughs at all of my

jokes, and I do as much for her. All of our quarrels are papier mache, made, played, and performed for the gallery of our psychic selves.

Having such a wife as this, I do not chase the ghosts of dead hopes through the graveyard of my dreams.

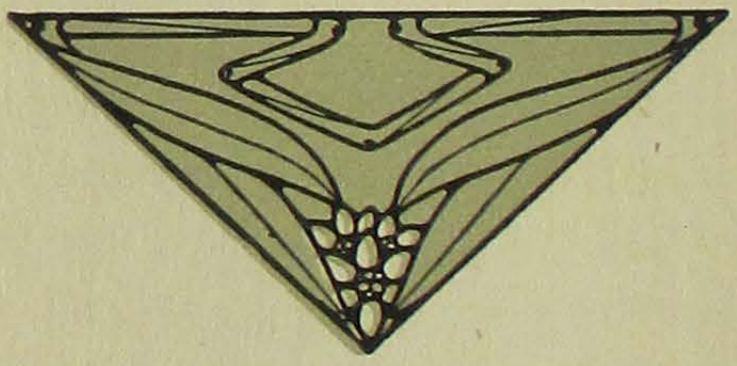
I have succeeded beyond the wildest ambitions of my youth, but I am glad to find that my desires outstrip my performances, and as fast as I climb one hill I see a summit beyond. So I am not satisfied, nor do I ever declare, "Here will I build three tabernacles," but forever do I hear a voice which says, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest."



HO can deny that the mother-heart of a natural and free woman makes the controlling impulse of her life a prayer to bless and benefit, to minister and serve! Such is Alice Hubbard—a free woman who has gained freedom by giving it. But her charity is never maudlin. She has the courage of her lack of convictions, and decision enough to withhold the dollar when the cause is not hers, and when to bestow merely means escape from importunity ❧ To give people that which they do not earn is to make them think less of themselves—and you. The only way to help people is to give them a chance to help themselves.

She is the only woman I ever knew who realizes as a vital truth that the basic elements for all human betterments are economic, not mental nor spiritual. She knows that the benefits of preaching are problematic, and that the good the churches do is

conjectural; but that good roads are the first and chiefest factor in civilization. She knows and advocates what no college president in America dare advocate, that the money we expend for churches if invested in scientific forestry and good roads would make this world a paradise enow. She does not trouble herself much about Adam's fall, but she does thoroughly respect Macadam. If she ever sings, "Oh for the wings of a dove," it is not because she desires them to adorn her hat, nor as a means to fly away and be at rest.



S a school teacher, woman was not deemed capable or acceptable until about 1868. Woman's entrance into the business world is a very modern innovation. It all dates since the Civil War and was really not accepted as a fact until 1876, the year the typewriter appeared.

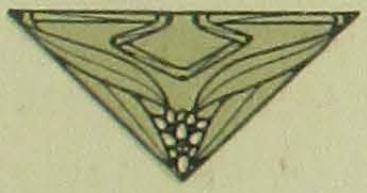
Even yet the average man keeps his wife in total ignorance of his financial affairs, thinking that she has n't the ability to comprehend the intricacies of trade.

The world was discovered in 1492; but man was not discovered until 1776. Before then man was only a worm of the dust, and the tradition still lingers, fostered by the sects that believe in the ministry of fear.

Woman was not discovered until 1876. Her existence before then was not even suspected, and the few men who had their suspicions were considered unsafe — erratic, strange and peculiar. In youth, when she was pink and twenty she was a plaything; when she

grew old and wrinkled she was a scullion and a drudge. All laws were made by men, and in most states a woman only has yet a secondary claim on her child. If she is a married woman all the money she earns belongs to her husband. Woman's right to have her political preferences recorded is still denied. Orthodox churches will not listen to her speak, and the logic of William Penn that, "The Voice may come to a woman exactly as to a man" is smiled at indulgently by priests and preachers. In English common law she is always a minor. ¶ It does not require much reasoning to see that as long as a woman is treated as a child the tendency is that she shall be one. ¶ The success of the Bon Marche at Paris, not to mention Mary Elizabeth, Her Candy, proves what woman can do when her head is not in a compress, and her hands tied. ¶ Man's boldness and woman's caution make an admirable business combination. And in spite of that malicious generalization, pictured in print and fable, about

woman's enterprise being limited to exploiting the trousers of peacefully sleeping man, I believe that women are more honorable in money matters than the male of the genus homo. Women cashiers do not play the races, harken to the seductive ticker, nor cultivate the poker face.

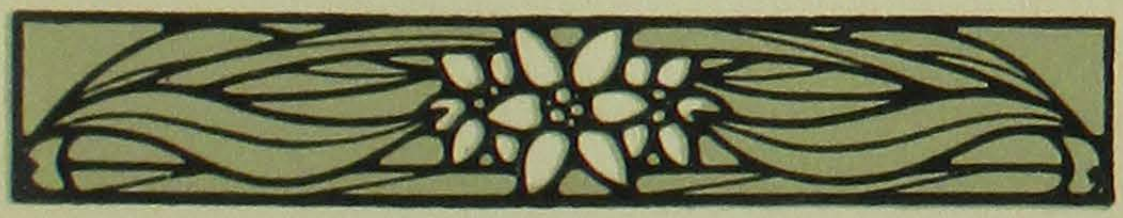


LICE HUBBARD is an economist by nature, and her skill as a financier is founded on absolute honesty and flawless integrity. She has the savings bank habit, and next to paying her debts, gets a fine tang out of life by wise and safe investments. She knows that a savings bank account is an anchor to win'ard, and that to sail fast and far your craft must be close hauled to weather squalls.

In manufacturing she studies cost, knowing better far than most business men that deterioration of property and overhead charges must be carefully considered, if the Referee in Bankruptcy would be kept at a safe distance ❧ She is a methodizer of time and effort, and knows the value of system, realizing the absurdity of a thirty-dollar-a-week man doing the work of a five-dollar-a-week boy. She knows the proportion of truth to artistic jealousy in the melodious discord of the anvil chorus; and the foreman who

opposes all reforms which he himself does not conjure forth from his chickadee brain, is to her familiar. The employe who is a knocker by nature, who constantly shows a tendency to get on the greased slide that leads to limbo, has her pity, and she by many gentle and diplomatic ways tries to show him the danger of his position.

With John Ruskin she says, "It 's nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep erring workmen in your service till you have made him an unerring one, and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his judgment would otherwise have lost."



IN my wife's mind I see my thoughts enlarged and reflected, just as in a telescope we behold the stars. She is the magic mirror in which I see the divine. Her mind acts on mine, and mine reacts upon hers. Most certainly I am aware that no one else can see the same in her which I behold, because no one else can call forth her qualities, any more than any other woman can call forth mine ❧ Our minds, separate and apart, act together as one, forming a complete binocular, making plain that which to one alone is invisible. ¶ Now there be those, wise in this world's affairs, who may say, evidently this man is a victim of the gumwillies. Love like all other things has its limit. A month of close contact usually wears off the new, and captivity reduces the butterfly to a grub. Don't tell us—we know! The very intensity of a passion betokens its transient quality. Henry Finck in his great book, "Passionate Love

and Personal Beauty," recounts the great loves of history, and then says, "The limit of the Grand Passion is two years."

Hence I here make the explanation that I have known this woman for twenty years. I have written her over three thousand letters and she has written as many to me. Every worthy theme and sentiment I have expressed to the public has been first expressed to her, or more likely, borrowed from her. I have seen her in almost every possible exigency of life: in health, success, and high hope; in poverty, and what the world calls disgrace and defeat. But here I should explain that disgrace is for those who accept disgrace, and defeat consists in acknowledging it.

I have seen her face the robustious fury of an attorney weighing three hundred pounds, and reduce him to pork cracklings by her poise, quiet persistence and the righteousness of her cause.

She is at home with children, the old, the decrepit, the sick, the lonely, the unfor-

tunate, the vicious, the stupid, the insane. She puts people at their ease; she is one with them, but not necessarily of them. She recognizes the divinity in all of God's creatures, even the lowliest, and those who wear prison stripes are to her akin, all this without condoning the offense. She respects the sinner, but not the sin. Wherever she goes her spirit carries with it the message, "Peace, be still!" With the noble, the titled, the famous she is equally at home.

I have seen her before an audience of highly critical, intellectual and aristocratic people, stating her cause with that same gentle, considerate courtesy and clearness that so becomes her.

The strongest feature of her nature is her humanitarianism, and this springs from her unselfish heart and her wide-reaching imagination. And imagination is only sympathy illumined by love and ballasted with brains.

¶ She knows and has performed every item of toil in the ceaseless round of woman's drudgery on the farm; she realizes the stress

and strain of overworked and tired mothers; the responsibility of caring for sick and peevish children, the cooking, sewing, scrubbing, washing, care of vegetables and milk, the old black dress that does duty on Sunday with the bonnet that carries a faded flower in summer and its frayed ostrich feather in winter; the life of men who breakfast by lamplight and go to work in winter woods ere dawn appears, coming home at dark, with chores yet to do, ere supper and bed are earned; the children who follow frozen country roads to school, and eat at noon their luncheon of corn bread and molasses and salt pork and count it good, being filled with eager joy to slide down hill ere the bell rings for the study of McGuffey's Reader; the slim, slender girl, mayhap with stocking down, who herds turkeys on the upland farm in the cool October dew, that she may get money to go to the distant High School or the coveted "Normal," and who finally receives the longed for teacher's certificate and earns money to help satisfy

the hungry mortgage on the farm; the young women who work in box factories under the menacing eye of the boss; the tired frayed-out heedless clerks; the smartly dressed cashiers; the men who drive horses or work with pick, adze, maul and ax; the pilots who creep their crafts through fog along rocky coasts, or in mid-ocean take the temperature of the water, locating icebergs; the woman who flees the world in order to be "good;" the business man mousing over his accounts, fearing to compare assets and liabilities, hoping for a turn in the tide; the flush of the orator, the joy of the author, the deep, silent pleasure of the scientist who finds a new species; the serene confidence of the railroad president who knows his departments are all well manned; the moment of nightmare and doubt when the general manager holds his breath and listens for the rumble of his "Limited," speeding with precious treasure through the all-enfolding night; the fever of unrest that comes to the captain of the man-o-war the night before

the battle; the soldiers in the trenches, blissfully ignorant, needlessly brutal in their attempts to be brave as they peer at the enemy's camp fires on the distant hills; the joyless, yellow-eyed children who toil in the mills and forget how to play; boys home from school; girls in cap and gown graduating at Wellesley or Vassar; city children from the slums in the country for the first time, begging permission to pick dandelions and daisies; women discarded by society and relatives for faults—or virtues; wives whose hearts are stamped upon by drunken husbands; men who are crazed through the vanity of wives who walk the border land of folly; the hesitating, doubting, fearing, sick, through lack of incentive—work; to all these is she sister, and still the joy in work well done, the calm of honesty, the sense of power through facing unpleasant tasks, the sweet taste of food earned by honest effort, the absolution that comes through following one's highest ideals, the self-sufficient purpose and firm resolve to do still better

work tomorrow through having done good work today—all these are hers.

She is patient under censure, just or unjust; and unresentful toward hypocrisy, pretence, and stupidity. Of course she recognizes that certain people are not hers, and these she neither avoids nor seeks to please or placate.

Some there be, who have called to her insultingly upon the public street, and to sundry and various of these she has given work and taught them with a love and patience almost past belief.

She has the sublime ability to forget the wrongs that have been visited upon her, the faults of her friends, and the good deeds she has done.

She knows history from its glimmering dawn in Egypt down to the present time. The reformers, thinkers, martyrs, who have stood forth and spoken what they thought was truth, and died that we might live, are to her familiar friends.

She knows the poets, writers, sculptors, musicians, painters, inventors, architects,

engineers of all time. And those who can build a bridge or make good roads are to her more worthy of recognition than those who preach.

She believes in the rights of dumb animals, of children and especially women She knows that woman can never be free until she owns herself, and is economically free. To this end she believes that a woman should be allowed to do anything which she can do well, and that when she does a man's work she should receive a man's wage.

To those who disagree with her she is ever tolerant; in her opinions she is not dogmatic, realizing that truth is only a point of view, and even at the last, people should have the right to be wrong, so long as they give this right to others.

She does not mix in quarrels, has none of her own, nor is she quick to take sides in argument and wordy warfare.

She keeps out of cliques, invites no secrets and has none herself, respects the mood of those she is with, and when she does not

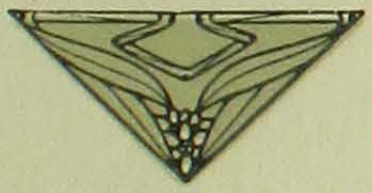
know what to say, says nothing, and in times of doubt minds her own business ❧ Her seeming indifference, however, does not spring from a lack of sympathy, for nothing that is human is alien to her. On a railroad train at night she always thinks of two persons—the engineer, with one hand on the throttle and the other on the air brake, looking out down the two glittering streaks of steel that stretch away into the blackness of the night, and the other man she considers is the one a hundred miles or so away, with shade over his eyes, crouching over a telegraph key.

At the hotels she thinks of those who wash dishes, and scrub and clean windows, and toward all servants she is gentle in her demands and grateful for services.

She wins by abnegation and yet never renounces anything ❧ She has the faith that gives all, and therefore receives all.

She has proved herself an ideal mother, not only in every physical function, but in that all-brooding tenderness and loving service

which is contained in the word Mother, She, of all mothers, realizes that the mother is the true teacher: that all good teachers are really spiritual mothers. She knows that not only does the mother teach by precept, but by every action, thought and attribute of her character. Scolding mothers have impatient babies and educated parents have educated children.



HAT supreme tragedy of motherhood, that the best mothers are constantly training their children to live without them, is fully appreciated and understood by Alice Hubbard.

To be a good teacher requires something besides knowledge. Character counts more than a memory for facts. And as the great physician benefits his patients more through his presence than by his medicines, so does the superior teacher leave her impress upon her pupils more through her moral qualities than her precepts.

Franz Liszt did not teach at all, he just filled his pupils with a great, welling ambition to do, and be, and become.

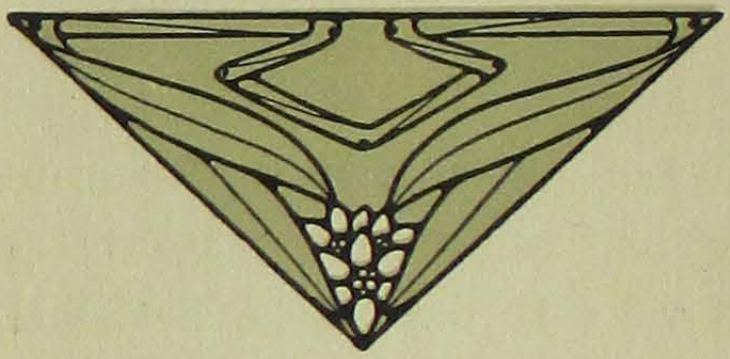
I believe it was Goethe who said that great teachers really do not teach us anything—in their presence we become different people.

¶ Those who are admitted into the close presence of Alice Hubbard are transformed into different people. This is especially true

of budding youth—boys and girls from fourteen to eighteen. For them she has a peculiar and potent charm—her vivacity, her animation, her sympathy, her knowledge of flowers, plants, trees, birds and animals delights them. Then she knows the heroes of history, and all of the literature of story and romance is to her familiar. If her pupils wish to talk, she lets them—for to her listening is a fine art. Her mental attitude brings out the best in each, so in her presence the boor becomes gentle, and the loud and coarse moderate their voices and are on their good behavior. She carries with her an aura in which vulgarity cannot thrive nor pretense flourish. She has dignity without prudery, pedantry, or priggishness She has the happy faculty of putting people at their ease and making them pleased with themselves, so with her they are wise beyond their wont and gracious beyond their 'customed habit.

In a room full of people she is not apt to be seen, nor to speak, but if she chooses, she

keys the conversation, dictates the theme, arouses genial animation, and by her presence and the gentle, finely modulated quality of her voice, the indifferent and the mediocre subside and fade away.



LICE HUBBARD has the bodily qualities of grace, lightness, ease and manual skill, and the crown of her head obeys the law of levitation ❧ She imparts joy, never heaviness or weariness ❧ Her raiment is always neat and becoming, not expressed in fancy nor of a kind or quality to beckon or bid for attention ❧ In fact, very few people can ever remember the exact color of her attire; all that they can recall is that she was sweetly gracious, considerate and dignified in all of her words and manner.

She wins without trying to win, and if she pleases, as she always does, it is without apparent effort.

In moral qualities she has a steadfastness in the right; a sharp distinction as to meum et tuum; a persistence in completing the task begun; the habit of being on time and keeping her word, even with servants and children and those who cannot enforce their

claims; an absence of all exaggeration, with no vestige of boasting as to what she has done or intends to do—all of which sets her apart as one superior, refined and unselfish beyond the actual as we find it, excepting in the ideals of the masters in imaginative literature.

In mental qualities she appreciates the work of the great statesmen, creators, inventors, reformers, scientists, and all those who live again in minds made better.

Dozens of times I have heard her refer to the unresentful qualities of Charles Darwin, and tell of how he, as a scientist, was ashamed of himself in once jumping to a conclusion by saying, "It must be this, for if it is not, what is it?"

Herbert Spencer's monograph on *Education* is to her a text book. Max Muller's *Memories* is her favorite love story, and Emerson's *Essays* are always to her a sweet solace and rest. She admires Browning, but neither dotes nor feeds on any poet—life is her theme, and to live rightly and well,

without shame, regrets, compromises, explanations, apologies or complaints, is to her the finest of the fine arts.

So these then are the qualities that mark Alice Hubbard as the teacher with very few peers and no superiors.

She holds all ties lightly, never clutching even friendship,—growing rich by giving ❧ She is an economist and a financier, making a dollar go farther without squeezing it, than any man or woman I ever saw ❧ She buys what she needs, and has the strength not to buy what she does not need. She never spends money until she gets it, and avoids debt as she would disease. She is a model housekeeper and her ability to manage people and serve the public is shown in the fact that the Roycroft Inn, of which she is sole manager, made a profit the past year of a little over some thousand dollars. To direct and train the "help," (at times a somewhat ironical term), does not even supply her a topic for conversation ❧ She never complains of the stupidity of others,

knowing that such complaint is in itself a form of concrete stupidity.

However, the management of the hotel is to her only incidental, for she is Vice-President of the Roycroft Corporation, and General Superintendent of all the work. She hires all employes and has the exclusive power to discharge, fixing all salaries.

She also teaches, gives lectures and writes at least one book a year.

Assuming that one hundred is the perfect standard, a judicial rating would place Alice Hubbard somewhere between ninety and ninety-nine in the following: As a mother, housekeeper, economist, methodizer, diplomat, financier, orator, writer, reformer, inventor, humanitarian, teacher, philosopher.

¶ Tammas the Techy said, "We must be patient with the fools." But he never was. She is. And I myself have ever prayed, "For this, Good Lord, make us duly thankful." She has an abiding faith in Nemesis, and never for an instant considers it her duty to transform herself into a section of

the day of judgment ❧ She believes that people are punished by their sins—not for them ❧

In her nature there is a singular absence of jealousy, whim, and prejudice ❧ She can hear her enemies praised without resentment, and for those in competition with her, if such there be, she has good will at the best and indifference at the worst. These things are only possible in a very self-centered character, one tenoned and mortised in granite, with an abiding faith in the justice and righteousness of the Eternal Intelligence in which we are bathed.

❧ She has the hospitable mind and the receptive heart. She is alert for new truth and new views of life, and is ever ready to throw away a good idea for a better one. She realizes the necessity of moderation in eating, of regular sleep, of fresh air, and regular daily exercise in the open. And not only does she realize their necessity, but she has the will to live her philosophy, not being content to merely think and preach it.

Physically she is strong as a rope of silk; she can outride and outwalk most athletic men, although her form is slender and slight. Those who regard bulk and beauty as synonymous never turn and look at her in the public streets. In countenance she is as plain as was Julius Cæsar, and to his busts she bears a striking resemblance in the features of nose, mouth, chin and eyes.

In the moral qualities of patience, poise and persistence she is certainly Cæsarian, and in these she outranks any woman I have been able to resurrect from the dusty tomes of days gone by.

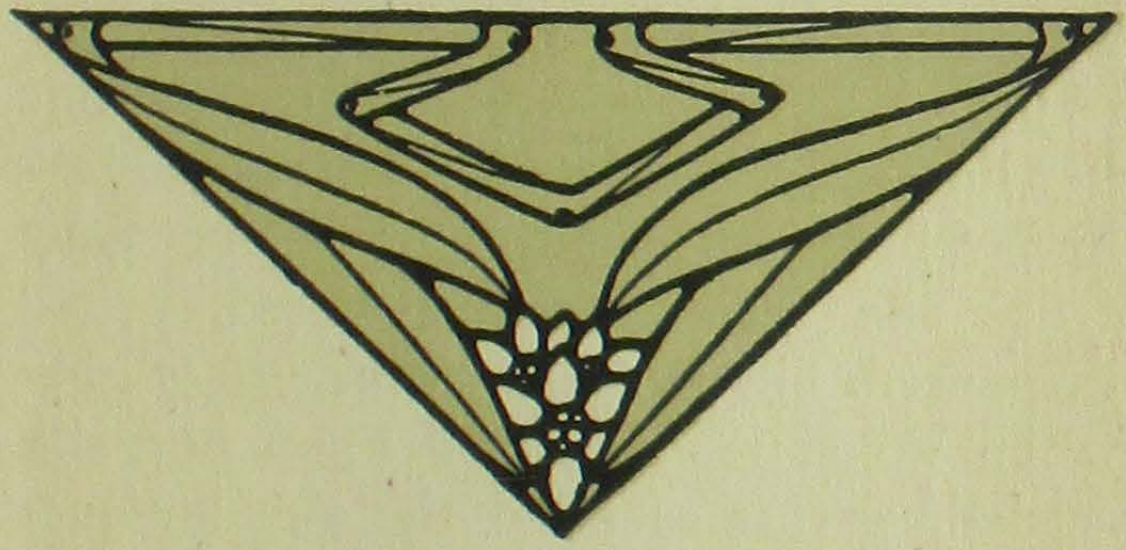
This, then, is my one close companion, my confidante, my friend, my wife; and my relation with her will be my sole passport to Paradise, if there is one beyond this life.

¶ I married a rich woman—one rich in love, loyalty, gentleness, insight, gratitude, appreciation. One who caused me, at thirty-three years of age, to be born again.

To this woman I owe all I am—and to her the world owes its gratitude for any and all,

be it much or little, that I have given it. My religion is all in my wife's name. And I am not bankrupt, for all she has is mine, if I can use it, and in degree I have.

And why I prize life, and desire to live, is that I may give the world more of the treasures of her heart and mind, realizing with perfect faith, that the supply coming from Infinity, can never be lessened nor decreased.



WILTED HYACINTHS

A FADED flower flung from the grated window of a prison cell, falls at the feet of a passer-by—a woman of the town.

But why should I call her a woman? She is a creature of the night. She belongs to all and to none, her home is a hovel and she lives in hell—a hell of her own preparing.

Once she was courted, flattered, petted, pampered. She had her nightmare of glory when gold was showered upon her, silks rustled, perfumes filled the air, bouquets burdened her table, carriages with footmen stopped at her door ❧ Mansions, servants, joyous suppers, laughter, diamonds, pearls —to do nothing and have everything, this was her ambition.

She has drunk to its dregs the cup of nothingness. She has sought the potion that

gives forgetfulness; for desertion, abandonment, death follows as an unerring sequence on all the gleam, glitter and glamour that have gone before. ¶ And now she breathes only the sulphur fumes of Gehenna, and the scant silver that comes her way goes for the drug that brings oblivion.

With bloodshot eyes, disheveled hair, and burning thirst, she hurries along—watched, hunted, hooted ❧ She draws her tattered shawl closer about her benumbed frame as the cutting blasts of winter, rushing down alleys and from around sharp corners, hunt her out.

The flower drops at her feet.

She stops, looks around, no one is watching, she picks it up—yes, it is a spray of hyacinth. She looks up to see from whence it came, and high up she thinks she sees a hand thrust out from a grated window.

Some one is waving a hand to her—to her. ❧ Who can it be—some one has thought of her—some one has sent her a flower! ¶ She brushes her hand across her eyes, as

if to clear her misty vision and looks up again

This time she sees nothing, only the sullen front of a great prison wall, jutting stone, grated windows, stone piled upon stone. She thrusts the flower into her bosom, and forgetful of where she was going, turns about and hastens to the den she calls home. Some one has thrown a flower—not the flowers such as patronizing women of the flower mission bring with tracts and words of advice—not that—a flower from the hand of a man, a man in trouble, disgraced like herself, in bonds He has thrown her a flower. Who is this man of whom she thinks! Alas, she does not know. Years and years, aye, centuries ago, when she wore pinafores and lived with her father, mother, brothers and sisters in the country, she dreamed of this man, this man who would come to her and love her, and give her peace and freedom.

It is the same dream come back—it is he. He will deliver her from the body of this

death. He has flung her a flower. He is in trouble ❧ What can she do to help him! ¶ She is a woman. She is not old. God sent her into life and she has a right to love, to tenderness, to motherhood and a home. No chill of doubt can put out the eternal fire—she loves the ideal!

This is her misery, her disgrace and her crown. Illusions will not fade away, she has prayed and watched and longed for this—some one loves her ❧ He has flung her a flower ❧

When he is released he will come to her and take her away, and they will leave this life of horror, and fly to the country and make themselves a nest as the birds do ❧ Some one has flung her a flower.

She belongs to him and him alone. She has loved him all these years. She has waited for him. God knows she has done wrong, but God knows, too, her heart is pure. She appeals to the higher law—a power greater than herself has been pulling her down to death—but God knows, God knows! For

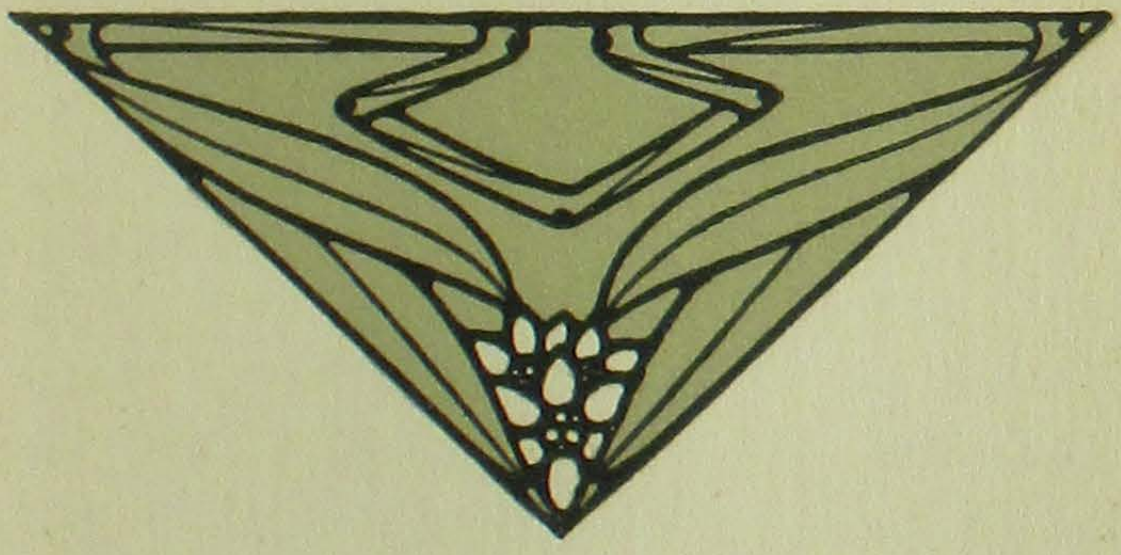
was it not God who allowed her to be tempted beyond her strength?

Some one has flung her a flower. It has awakened in her the ideal—she had thought it dead, dead and nailed down with the coffin nails of her crimes.

But no, there is light yet. She wishes to do penance, to condone, to succor, to sanctify herself to some one, to be kind, to be useful. The reflexes of the heart are as sure and certain as the march of the planets. The desires of the heart are fixed stars—clouds may obscure, but wait and you shall see the light ❧ There is that in souls which never perishes ❧

Some one has flung this woman a flower and she becomes happy with a horrible happiness. She sees a cottage, warmed and lighted; a kettle singing on the hearth; supper on the table for him who was even now coming to his home, their home, whistling from his work; she sees in the corner a cradle, and she begins crooning a lullaby to a babe that she has never pressed

to her aching breast. ¶ Some one has flung her a flower. ¶ In the direst gloom, in the chill of abandonment, in the black of darkest pathways, in the dim, gray light of prison cells where the sun never enters, before stern judges, while policemen leer & men restrain not their evil tongues, beneath the maze of pitfalls, in nights of horror & blackest chaos there is a gleam of light ❧ It grows into a flame. What think you it can be?
It is love—it is the ideal. It exists even in hell. God never quite withdraws His Holy Spirit. Some one has flung her a flower.



Some Do Not Hear Opportunity When She Knocks Because They Are Knocking At The Time

Opportunity

HERE is a gray-bearded maxim, honored on account of its venerable age, which runs thus: "Opportunity knocks once at each man's door." John J. Ingalls once went a-sonneting around this proverb, and some say he wrote the finest sonnet ever written by an American. I am inclined to think this is so; and if it is, it proves for us that truth is one thing and poetry another.

The actual fact is that in this day opportunity not only knocks at your door, but is playing an anvil chorus on every man's door, and lays for the owner around the corner with a club. The world is in sore need of men who can do things. Indeed, cases can easily be recalled by every one where opportunity actually smashed in the

door and collared her candidate and dragged him forth to success ❧ These cases are exceptional; usually you have to go out and meet opportunity ❧ But the only way you can get away from opportunity is to lie down and die. Opportunity does not trouble dead men, nor dead ones who flatter themselves that they are alive.

Let no man repine on account of lack of early advantages. Rare-ripes run away from advantages—they can not digest them. "If I had my say I would set all young folks at work and send the old ones to school," said Socrates, 420 B. C.

What Socrates meant was that after you have battled a bit with actual life and begun to feel your need for education, you are, for the first time, ready to take advantage of your opportunities and learn.

Education is a matter of desire. An education can not be imparted. It has to be won and you win by working.

And this fact also holds: The best educated men are those who get their brain develop-

ment out of their daily work, or at the time they are doing the work. Quitting work in order to get an education was the idea of a monk who fled from the world because he thought it was bad; a fallacy we have partially outgrown. It takes work to get an education; it takes work to use it, and it takes work to keep it.

The great blunder of the colleges is that they have lifted men out of life in order to educate them for life. All educated college men know this and acknowledge it.

In his last annual report President Eliot of Harvard made a strong appeal to parents to get their children into the practical world of life as soon as possible, and not expect a college degree to insure success.

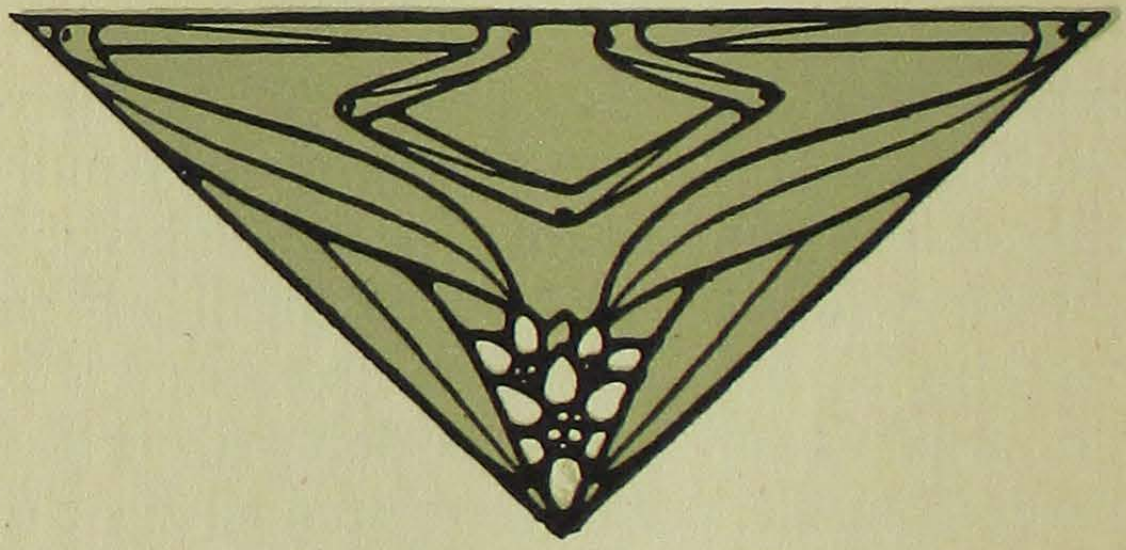
Those who want to grow and evolve should not give too much time to the latest novel and daily paper. Don't spread yourself out thin. Concentrate on a few things—the very best educated men do not know everything.

¶ Choose what you will be and then get at it. You 'll win.

If you quit, it simply shows you did not want an education; you only thought you did—you are not willing to pay the price. ¶ The other day in the Michigan State Penitentiary at Jackson, I saw in a convict's cell three architect's designs tacked on the wall, and on a shelf were several books from a correspondence school. "Is it possible," I asked Dr. Pray, the prison doctor, "that a convict is taking a correspondence course in architecture?" "Not only that," was the reply, "but a good many of our men are studying hard to better their mental condition. This particular man has gotten beyond the amateur stage You see he has been working at his course for three years. He draws plans for us and is doing work for parties outside." Then we hunted up the man and found him in the marble shop. He seemed pleased to know that I had noticed his work. "You see," he said, "I only work six hours a day for the state, and after that my time is my own, and I try to improve it; there are no bowling alleys, pool

rooms, nor saloons here—no place to go." And he smiled. I tried to, but could not—my eyes were filled with tears A convict getting a practical education, and so many of us who think we are free, frittering away our time.

If, in its anxiety to present itself, opportunity will break into jail, surely those outside can not complain of opportunity's lack of persistence in hunting out the ready and willing.



No Man Can Instruct Others In Anything ~ We Can, However, Awaken Thought & Arouse Impulses

TEACHERS

IT is a great thing to teach. I am never more complimented than when some one addresses me as "teacher." To give yourself in a way that will inspire others to think, to do, to become—what nobler ambition! To be a good teacher demands a high degree of altruism, for one must be willing to sink self, to die—as it were—that others may live. There is something in it very much akin to motherhood—a brooding quality. Every true mother realizes at times that her children are only loaned to her—sent from God—and the attributes of her body and mind are being used by some Power for a purpose. The thought tends to refine the heart of its dross, obliterate pride and make her feel the sacredness of her office.

All good men everywhere recognize the holiness of motherhood—this miracle by which the race survives.

There is a touch of pathos in the thought that while lovers live to make themselves necessary to each other, the mother is working to make herself unnecessary to her children. And the entire object of teaching is to enable the scholar to do without his teacher ❦ Graduation should take place at the vanishing point of the teacher.

Yes, the efficient teacher has in him much of this mother-quality. Thoreau, you remember, said that genius is essentially feminine; if he had teachers in mind his remark was certainly true ❦ The men of much motive power are not the best teachers—the arbitrary and imperative type, that would bend all minds to match its own, may build bridges, tunnel mountains, discover continents and capture cities, but it cannot teach. In the presence of such a towering personality freedom dies, spontaneity droops, and thought slinks away into

a corner. The brooding quality, the patience that endures, and the yearning of motherhood, are all absent ☙ The man is a commander, not a teacher; and there yet remains a grave doubt whether the warrior and ruler have not used their influence more to make this world a place of the skull, than the abode of happiness and prosperity. The orders to kill all the first-born, and those over ten years of age, were not given by teachers.

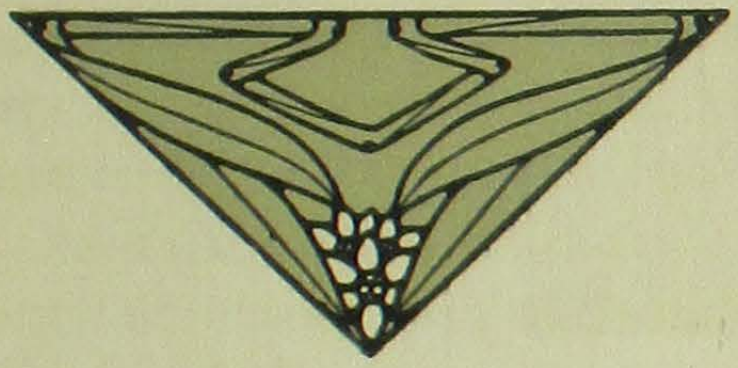
The teacher is one who makes two ideas grow where there was only one before. ¶ Just here seems a good place to say that we live in a very stupid, old world, round like an orange and slightly flattened at the polls. The proof of this seemingly pessimistic remark, made by a hopeful and cheerful man, lies in the fact that we place small premium in either honor or money on the business of teaching. As in the olden times, barbers and scullions ranked with musicians, and the Master of the Hounds wore a bigger medal than the Poet-Laureate, so do

we pay our teachers the same as coachmen and coal-heavers, giving them a plentiful lack of everything but overwork.

I will never be quite willing to admit that this country is enlightened, until we cease the inane and parsimonious policy of trying to drive all the really strong men and women out of the teaching profession by putting them on the pay-roll at one-half the rate, or less than that which the same brains and energy can command elsewhere. In the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred Six, in a time of peace, we appropriated four hundred million dollars for war and war appliances, and this sum is just double the cost of the entire public school system in America. It is not the necessity of economy that dictates our actions in this matter of education—we simply are not enlightened.

¶ But this thing cannot always last—I look for the time when we shall set apart the best and noblest men and women of earth for teachers, and their compensation will be so adequate that they will be free to give

themselves for the benefit of the race, without apprehension of a yawning almshouse.
A liberal policy will be for our own good,
just as a matter of cold expediency;
it will be enlightened self-interest.



One Can Bear Grief But It Takes Two To Be Glad

FRIENDSHIP

HEN Charles Kingsley was asked for the secret of his exquisite sympathy and fine imagination, he paused a space, and then answered, "I had a friend."

The desire for friendship is strong in every human heart. We crave the companionship of those who can understand. The nostalgia of life presses, we sigh for "home," and long for the presence of one who sympathizes with our aspirations, comprehends our hopes and is able to partake of our joys. A thought is not our own until we impart it to another, and the confessional seems a crying need of every human soul ☙ The desire for sympathy dwells in every human heart.

We reach the divine through some one, and by dividing our joy with this one we double it, and come in touch with the uni-

versal. The sky is never so blue, the birds never sing so blithely, our acquaintances are never so gracious as when we are filled with love for some one.

Being in harmony with one we are in harmony with all ❧ The lover idealizes and clothes the beloved with virtues that only exist in his imagination. The beloved is consciously or unconsciously aware of this, and endeavors to fulfill the high ideal; and in the contemplation of the transcendent qualities that his mind has created, the lover is raised to heights otherwise impossible. ¶ Should the beloved pass from earth while this condition of exaltation exists, the conception is indelibly impressed upon the soul, just as the last earthly view is said to be photographed upon the retina of the dead. The highest earthly relationship is in its very essence fleeting, for men are fallible, and living in a world where material wants jostle, and time and change play their ceaseless parts, gradual obliteration comes and disillusion enters ❧ But the memory of a

sweet companionship once fully possessed, & snapped by fate at its supremest moment, can never die from out the heart. All other troubles are swallowed up in this, and if the individual is of too stern a fiber to be completely crushed into the dust, time will come bearing healing, and the memory of that once ideal condition will chant in the heart a perpetual eucharist.

And I hope the world has passed forever from the nightmare of pity for the dead: they have ceased from their labors and are at rest.

But for the living, when death has entered and removed the best friend, fate has done her worst; the plummet has sounded the depths of grief, and thereafter nothing can inspire terror. At one fell stroke all petty annoyances and corroding cares are sunk into nothingness. The memory of a great love lives enshrined in undying amber. It affords a ballast 'gainst all the storms that blow, and although it lends an unutterable sadness, it imparts an unspeakable peace.

Where there is this haunting memory of a great love lost, there is always forgiveness, charity and a sympathy that makes the man brother to all who suffer and endure. The individual himself is nothing: he has nothing to hope for, nothing to lose, nothing to win, and this constant memory of the high and exalted friendship that was once his is a nourishing source of strength; it constantly purifies the mind and inspires the heart to nobler living and diviner thinking. The man is in communication with elemental conditions.

To have known an ideal friendship, and had it fade from your grasp and flee as a shadow before it is touched with the sordid breath of selfishness, or sullied by misunderstanding, is the highest good. And the constant dwelling in sweet, sad recollection on the exalted virtues of the one that has gone, tends to crystallize these very virtues in the heart of him who meditates them. The beauty with which love adores its object becomes the possession of the one who loves.

THE KINDERGARTEN

HE work of Frederich Froebel was put back to a degree that no man can compute, through the coldness, indifference and actual opposition of men who should have stood by him and upheld him. ¶ The kindergarten is a complete reversal of barbaric educational schemes that did not spare the rod ❧ We started in with the assumption that the child was born in sin, and "in iniquity did my mother conceive me," a slander on the children and a libel on motherhood.

But so grounded were we in error that in our teaching of children, the elements of fear, suppression and punishment were ever present. We used the studies as a club and if a child did wrong we doubled his lessons. The plan of fining the delinquent forty lines of Virgil made him love Virgil, did it

not? If there were a better way of making books more distasteful than to use them as punishment I do not know it.

The ecclesiastic English boarding school barbarity yet has its defenders ☙ At the tender age of six or seven we removed the child from his parents in the name of discipline. We sought to smother parental love and strangle affection, and we nearly succeeded.

Froebel struck right at the root of error when he referred to the children as the "Little souls fresh from God." Froebel believed in the divinity of the child. Most Christians up to his time acted as if they believed that when Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," he had a rattan hidden behind him. The practice of falling upon children with rods, straps, paddles, rulers and hair brushes has been very popular, not so much possibly to benefit the child as to relieve the pressure of pent-up emotion in the

parent. Froebel's idea was that the child was a human flower, and the school should be a garden where souls could blossom in the sunshine of love.

Froebel studied the inclinations of the child and sought to move in line with nature. He utilized the tendency to play; just as we in degree use the tides of the sea and the winds that blow to turn the wheels of trade.

¶ To use these welling tides of our nature, Froebel said, "will lead us on to the Good, or if you prefer, to God."

So in his teaching the playing of games had an important part. Play, song, and happy, useful effort—all working together for a common purpose! Socrates, four hundred and fifty years before Christ, taught that courtesy, kindness and self-possession were of more importance than facts grubbed from books—that is to say, it is qualities that make a man great and not knowledge.

Aristotle followed up the same idea and in his education of Alexander, the child impulse to collect specimens was utilized, and

Aristotle and his pupils formed the world's first herbarium and the first zoological garden. ¶ Froebel led his little band of pupils out into the woods and fields and they collected flowers, plants, birds, nests, fungi, and became acquainted with the beautiful world of nature just as a matter of curiosity, pleasure and play.

To arbitrarily punish or embarrass a child Froebel considered a great sin, because to do so might be to implant in the child's mind the seeds of hate and revenge that would poison its entire life.

Froebel saw this potent fact, that unless he could impress upon the parents the righteousness of his methods, he could make little head. He said, "The teacher is the foster parent of the child for a few hours each day, and unless the home and school work together and are in harmony, my work will be in vain."

So he invited the parents to his school and also had mothers' meetings where he sought to explain the reasonableness of his work.

The theological idea at the time was that the child should be disciplined, his spirit broken, and that the dunce cap of disgrace was a good thing. Froebel sought to make his work affirmative, not negative, but in spite of his gentle diplomatic ways he met with strong opposition and constant ridicule. The only pupils he could get were those too young to go to the regular schools, and these were turned over to him because he relieved the parents of their care.

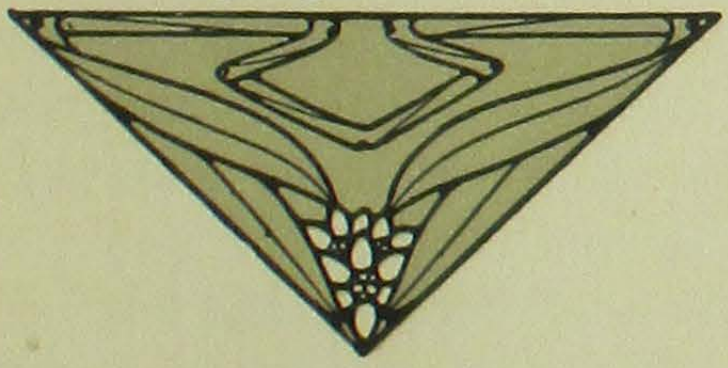
His intent and expectations were to carry his methods right up through all the grades, even into the university, and on through life. So actually, the kindergarten plan is a system of life, not merely a system of school teaching.

Froebel knew his methods were right—he never faltered in his faith. But the constant unkind criticisms of rival teachers who clung to monastic methods, the stupidity of parents and the opposition of school boards wore him out, and he died in middle life. But with his last dying breath, in broken

whisper he said to his nurse, "The world will yet accept my words—the idea of a child-garden will live! I am dying but my thought will not perish—God cannot afford to allow it to wither."

Can a person of intelligence now be found who dares say that Frederich Froebel was not a very great man—and does any one believe that Froebel did not care what people thought about him?

Is n't this true, that the greater the man, the more he desires to bless and benefit humanity, the more he actually does care what people think of him?



Hundred-Point Men

THE other day I wrote to a banker-friend inquiring as to the responsibility of a certain person. The answer came back, thus: *He is a Hundred-Point man in everything and anything he undertakes.* ¶ I read the telegram and then pinned it up over my desk where I could see it. That night it sort of stuck in my memory. I dreamed of it.

The next day I showed the message to a fellow I know pretty well, and said, "I'd rather have that said of me than to be called a great this or that."

Oliver Wendell Holmes has left on record the statement that you could not throw a stone on Boston Common without caroming on three poets, two essayists, and a playwright.

Hundred-Point men are not so plentiful.

¶ A Hundred-Point man is one who is true to every trust; who keeps his word; who is loyal to the firm that employs him; who does not listen for insults nor look for slights; who carries a civil tongue in his head; who is polite to strangers, without being "fresh;" who is considerate towards servants; who is moderate in his eating and drinking; who is willing to learn; who is cautious and yet courageous.

Hundred-Point men may vary much in ability, but this is always true—they are safe men to deal with, whether drivers of drays, motor men, clerks, cashiers, engineers or presidents of railroads.

Paranoiacs are people who are suffering from fatty enlargement of the ego ❧ They want the best seats in the synagogue, they demand bouquets, compliments, obeisance, and in order to see what the papers will say next morning, they sometimes obligingly commit suicide.

The paranoiac is the antithesis of the Hundred-Point man. The paranoiac imagines

he is being wronged, that some one has it in for him, and that the world is down on him. He is given to that which is strange, peculiar, uncertain, eccentric and erratic.

¶ The Hundred-Point man may not look just like all other men, or dress like them, or talk like them, but what he does is true to his own nature. He is himself.

He is more interested in doing his work than in what people will say about it. He does not consider the gallery. He acts his thought and thinks little of the act.

I never knew a Hundred-Point man who was not one brought up from early youth to make himself useful, and to economize in the matter of time and money.

Necessity is ballast.

The paranoiac, almost without exception, is one who has been made exempt from work. He has been petted, waited upon, coddled, cared for, laughed at and chuckled to.

The excellence of the old-fashioned big family was that no child got an undue amount of attention. The antique idea that

the child must work for his parents until the day he was twenty-one was a deal better for the youth than to let him get it into his head that his parents must work for him.

¶ Nature intended that we should all be poor—that we should earn our bread every day before we eat it.

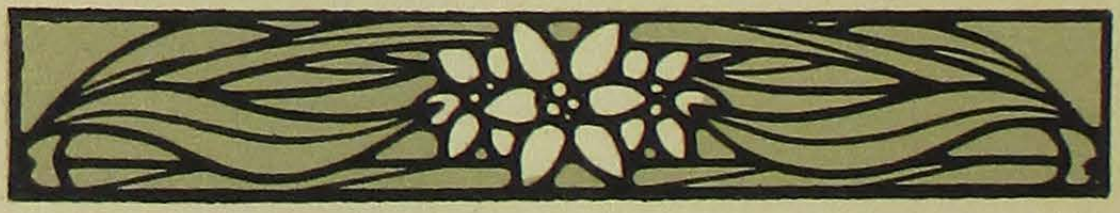
When you find the Hundred-Point man you will find one who lives like a person in moderate circumstances, no matter what his finances are. Every man who thinks he has the world by the tail and is about to snap its demnition head off for the delectation of mankind, is unsafe, no matter how great his genius in the line of specialties.

¶ The Hundred-Point man looks after just one individual, and that is the man under his own hat; he is one who does not spend money until he earns it; who pays his way; who knows that nothing is ever given for nothing; who keeps his digits off other people's property. When he does not know what to say, why, he says nothing, and when he does not know what to do, does not do it.

We should mark on moral qualities not merely mental attainment or proficiency, because in the race of life only moral qualities count. We should rate on judgment, application and intent ❧ Men by habit and nature who are untrue to a trust, are dangerous just in proportion as they are clever. I would like to see a university devoted to turning out safe men instead of merely clever ones.

How would it do for a college to give one degree, and one only, to those who are worthy, the degree of H. P.?

Would it not be worth striving for, to have a college president say of you, over his own signature: *He is a Hundred-Point man in everything and anything that he undertakes!*



If Truth be Mighty and God All-Powerful, His Children Need Not Fear Disaster Will Follow Freedom As To Science

T was not so very long ago that the profession of teaching was entirely in the hands of theologians. All things secular and sacred, that were taught to young or old, were taught by priests. Priests decided what books should be printed and what not ❧ The priest decided as to what should be taught, and how it should be taught, and beyond him there was no appeal.

Instead of refuting natural science by natural science, theology sought to silence science by citing Scripture.

Galileo, writing in 1610, complains because the theologians would not so much as look through his telescope, but sat back and declared him an "infidel" and an "atheist."

¶ Two popes, Pope Alexander the Seventh

and Pope Urban the Eighth, placed interdicts upon Galileo and forbade his teaching that the earth revolved, under serious penalty. The works of Galileo and Copernicus were forbidden to all good Catholics, and were upon the Index for over two hundred and fifty years, or until the year 1836. For teaching the truths of natural science Bruno was burned alive, and his ashes scattered to the four winds.

The policy of every formal religion has always been to allow the fullest play possible to individuality, and yet not risk the life of the institution. The institution being the important thing—the individual, secondary. This is the idea of society in general, as well as Individuals, however, threaten at times the life of the institution or system, by an excess of strength, and these powerful individuals it has been thought necessary to subdue and suppress. So, when one reads history he notes the fact that in days gone by nations have killed, banished or disgraced their men of genius.

This has always been done with the avowed purpose of protecting the state or the prevailing religious system. Socrates, Pericles, Jesus, Anaxagoras, Aristotle, Savonarola, Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno, Huss, Wycliff, are the types that society has suppressed. ¶ That those who have done the destroying did not know what they were doing is probably very true. In one way they were surely self-deceived—they thought they were working for the good of the state or their religious system, when what they really feared was the curtailment of their own individual power. Men do the things they wish, and absolve their consciences at their convenience. And forever do they deceive themselves as to their motives.

Said Archbishop Ireland, "The enemies of the Church have been inside the Church, not outside of it. The supreme blunders of churchmen have been in suppressing strong men—in thwarting individuality ❧ All the good law and all the good order which the state or Church enjoys to-day may be traced

back over some route to the words and deeds of men, who rebelled against the kind of law and the kind of order that they found administered by its 'constituted guardians;' by men who dared to appeal from the 'keepers of divine truth' to divine truth itself—from the 'trustees of God' to God Himself."

Those who manage religious systems have small faith in a Supreme Being or Universal Order. Luther, left alone, would have soon settled down into a country parson, and his protestantism would have diffused itself in the form of a healthful attenuation. All extremes tend to cure themselves. Well has it been said that Luther retarded civilization a thousand years ✍ It was the absurd and foolish rancor of priests and popes that by opposition lifted Luther into a world-power, and made possible a thousand warring, jarring, quibbling sects and systems, consuming each other, and the time and substance of mankind, in their vacuous and inept theological antics.

Luther prolonged the life of theology by presenting it in a palatable capsule, just at a time when the intelligence of the world was making wry faces getting ready to spew it. ¶ Pope Leo XIII., the wisest man who ever sat in the papal chair, once wrote, "The real enemies of the Church have been those o'er zealous churchmen who have sought to stamp out error by violence, forgetful that man is little and our God is great, and that in His wisdom the Father of all has provided that evil left alone shall soon exhaust itself, and right, of itself, will surely prevail ❧ Impatient defense of our holy religion springs from limitation and lack of faith. Against its avowed enemies the Church stands secure, but against those who are quick to draw the sword and strike off the ear of Malchus, we are often powerless. If the servants of the Church had ever taught by example, through love and patience, even now the reign of our God would be universal, as the flowers of spring carpet the gentle hillside slopes."

These gentle words of Pope Leo lose none of their quality, even when the obvious fact is pointed out that the man who struck off the ear of the high-priest's servant, was the very man who founded the Church.

The reason there are now so few professors to teach theology, is on account of the scarcity of scholars who will pay for being taught. The demand always keeps pace with the supply where salaries and honors are involved. If there were a vast number of people who wanted to be taught alchemy, astrology and palmistry, there would not be wanting teachers to teach these things.

When augury was in vogue and men foretold the future by the flight of birds, in all first-class colleges there were endowed chairs held down by High-Test, Non-Explosive great men learned in the noble science of augury ❧ ❧

If there were now emoluments and honors for teaching alchemy, astrology, palmistry and augury, there would be pedagogic preparatory schools for all of these things,

richly endowed by good men who did not understand them, but assumed that other people did.

The science of theology is the science of episcopopagy. It starts with an assumption and ends in a fog ❧ Nobody ever understood it, but vast numbers have pretended to, because they thought others did. Very slowly we have grown honest, and now the wise man and the good man accepts the doctrine of the unknowable.

Gradually the consensus of intelligence has pushed theology off into the dust-bin of oblivion, with alchemy and astrology.

Theology is not meant to be understood—it is to be believed. A theologian is an ink-fish you can never catch. And in stating this fact I fully appreciate that I am laying myself open to the charge of being a theologian myself.

When a prominent member of congress, of slightly convivial turn, went to sleep on the floor of the House of Representatives, and suddenly awakening, convulsed the

assemblage by loudly demanding, "Where am I at?" he propounded an inquiry that is classic ❧ With the very first glimmering of intelligence, and as far back as history goes, man has always asked that question and three others:

Where am I?
Who am I?
What am I here for?
Where am I going?

A question implies an answer, and so, coeval with the questioner, we find a class of volunteers springing into being whose business it has been to answer.

And as partial payment for answering these questions, the man who answered has exacted a living from the man who asked, also titles, gauds, jewels and obsequies. Further than this, the volunteer who answered has declared himself exempt from all useful labor. This volunteer is our theologian ❧ Walt Whitman has said:

"I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained.

I stand and look at them long and long
They do not sweat and whine about their condition.
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins.
They do not make me sick deciding their duty to God.
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things.
Not one kneels to another, or to his kind that lived thousands of years ago.
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth."

But we should note this: Whitman merely wanted to live with animals, he did not desire to become one. He was not willing to forfeit knowledge; and a part of that knowledge was, that man has some things yet to learn from the brute.

Much of man's misery has come from his persistent questioning.

The book of Genesis is certainly right, when it tells us that man's troubles come from his desire to know. The fruit of the tree of

knowledge is bitter, and man's digestive apparatus has been ill-conditioned to assimilate it. But still we are grateful, and good men never forget that it was woman who gave the fruit to man—men learn nothing alone. In the Garden of Eden, with everything supplied, man was an animal, but when he was turned out and had to work, strive, struggle and suffer, he began to grow into something better.

The theologians of the Far East have told us that man's deliverance from the evils of life must come through the killing of desire; we reach Nirvana—rest—through nothingness ❧ But within a decade it has been borne in upon a vast number of thinking men of the world, that deliverance from discontent and sorrow was to be had, not through ceasing to ask questions, but by asking one more ❧ The question is this, "What can I do?"

And having asked the question, we must set to work answering it ourselves.

When man went to work, action removed

the doubt that theory could not solve. ¶ The rushing winds purify the air; only running water is pure; and the holy man, if there be such, is the one who loses himself in persistent, useful effort. The saint is the man who keeps his word and is on time. By working for all, we secure the best results for self, and when we truly work for self, we work for all ¶ The priestly class evolves naturally into being everywhere as man awakens and asks questions. Only the unknown is terrible, says Victor Hugo. We can cope with the known, and at the worst we can overcome the unknown by accepting it. Verestchagin, the great painter, who knew the psychology of war as few men have, and went down to his death gloriously, as he should, on a sinking battleship, once said, "In modern warfare, when man does not see his enemy, the poetry of battle is gone, and man is rendered by the unknown into a quaking coward."

Enveloped in the fog of ignorance every phenomena of nature causes man to quake

and tremble—he wants to know ❧ Fear prompts him to ask, and greed for power, place and pelf, replies.

To succeed beyond the average, is to realize a weakness in humanity and then bank on it. The priest who pacifies is as natural as the fear he seeks to assuage—as natural as man himself.

So the first man is in bondage to his fear, and he exchanges this for bondage to a priest. First, he fears the unknown; second, he fears the priest who has power over the unknown.

Soon the priest becomes a slave to the answers he has conjured forth. He grows to believe what he at first pretended to know. The punishment of every liar is that he eventually believes his lies ❧ The mind of man becomes tinted and subdued to what he works in, like the dyer's hand.

So we have the formula:

Man in bondage to fear.

Man in bondage to a priest.

The priest in bondage to a creed.

Then the priest and his institution become an integral part and parcel of the state, mixed in all of its affairs. The success of the state seems to lie in holding belief intact and stilling all further questions of the people, transferring all doubts to this volunteer class that answers for a consideration.

¶ Naturally the man who does not accept the answers is regarded by the priest as the enemy of the state—that is, the enemy of mankind.

To keep this questioner down has been the chief concern of every religion. And the problem of progress has been to smuggle the newly discovered truth past Cerberus, the priest, by preparing a sop that was to him palatable. From every branch of science, the priest has been routed, save sociology alone. Here he has stubbornly made his last stand, and is saving himself alive by slowly accepting the situation and transforming himself into the promoter of a social club.

The priest is society's walking delegate.

He is the self-appointed business agent of Divinity—and no contract between God and man, man and man, or man and woman, is valid unless ratified by him. All who do not belong to his union are scabs.

¶ The evolution of the race is mirrored in the evolution of the individual. Look back on your own career—your first dawn of thought began in an inquiry, "Who made all this—how did it all happen?"

And theology comes in with a glib explanation: the fairies, dryads, gnomes and gods made everything, and they can do with it all as they please. Later we concentrate all of these personalities in one god, with a devil in competition, and this for a time satisfies

Later, the thought of an arbitrary being dealing out rewards and punishments, grows dim, for we see the regular workings of cause and effect. We begin to talk of energy, the divine essence, and the reign of law. We speak as Matthew Arnold did of a "Power, not ourselves, that makes for

righteousness." But Emerson believed in a Power that was in himself, that made for righteousness.

Metaphysics reaches its highest stage when it affirms, "All is One," "All is Mind," just as theology reaches its highest conception when it becomes monotheistic—having one God and curtailing the personality of the devil to a mere abstraction.

But this does not long satisfy, for we begin to ask, "What is this One?" or "What is Mind?"

Then positivity comes in and says that the highest wisdom lies in knowing that we do not know anything, and never can, concerning a First Cause. All we find is phenomena, and behind phenomena, phenomena.

The laws of nature do not account for the origin of the laws of nature. Spencer's famous chapter on the unknowable defines the limits of human knowledge. And it is worth noting that the one thing which gave most offense in Spencer's work was this doctrine of the unknowable. This, indeed,

forms but a small part of the work of this great man, and if it were all demolished there would still remain his doctrine of the known.

The bitterness of theology toward science arises from the fact that as we find things out, we dispense with the arbitrary hand-made god, and his business agent, the priest.

¶ Men begin by explaining everything, and the explanations given are always for other people. Parents answer the child, not telling him the actual truth, but giving him that which will satisfy—that which he can mentally digest. To say "the fairies brought it" may be all right until the child begins to ask who the fairies are, and wants to be shown one, and then we have to make the somewhat humiliating confession that there are no fairies.

But now we perceive that this mild fabrication in reference to Santa Claus and the fairies, is right and proper mental food for the child. His mind cannot grasp the truth that some things are unknowable; and he

is not sufficiently skilled in the things of the world to become interested in them—he must have a resting place for his thought, and so the fairy tale comes in as an aid to the growing imagination Only this—we place no penalty in disbelief in fairies, nor do we make offers of reward to all who believe that fairies actually exist. Neither do we tell the child that people who believe in fairies are good, and that those who do not are wicked and perverse.

The theological and metaphysical stages are necessary, but the sooner man can be graduated out of them the better. Hate, fear, revenge and doubt are all theological attributes, detrimental to man's best efforts Moral ideas were an afterthought, and really form no part of theology. All beautiful altruistic impulses thrive better when separated from theology.

And the sum of the argument is, that all progress in mind, body and material things has come to man through the study of cause and effect. And just in degree as he

abandoned the study of theology as futile and absurd, and centered on helping himself here and now, has he prospered.

Man's only enemy is himself, and this is on account of his ignorance of this world, and his superstitious belief in another

Our troubles, like diseases, all come from ignorance and weakness, and through our ignorance are we weak and unable to adjust ourselves to better conditions. The more we know of this world the better we think of it, and the better we are able to use it for our advancement.

So far as we can judge, the unknown cause that rules the world by unchanging laws is a movement forward toward happiness, growth, justice, peace and right. Therefore, the scientist, who perceives that all is good when rightly received and rightly understood, is really the priest and holy man—the mediator and explainer of the mysterious. As fast as we understand things they cease to be supernatural. The supernatural is the natural not yet understood. The theo-

logical priest who believes in a God and a Devil is the real modern infidel.

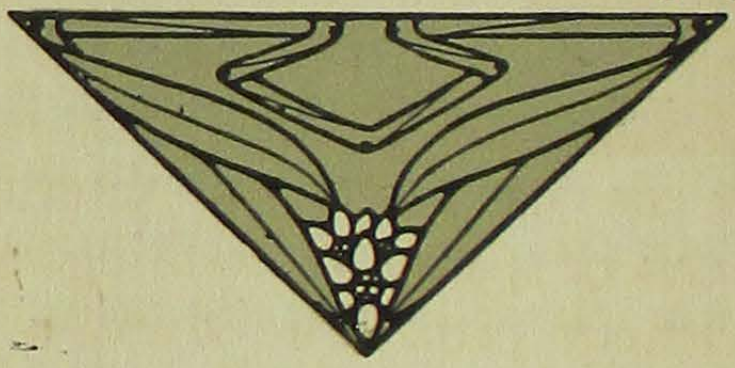
The man of faith is the one who discards all thought of "how it first happened," and fixes his mind on the fact that he is here. The more he studies the conditions that surround him, the greater his faith in the truth that all is well.

If men had turned their attention to humanity, discarding theology, using as much talent, time, money and effort in solving social problems, as they have in trying to wring from the skies the secrets of the unknowable, this world would now be a veritable paradise. It is theology that has barred the entrance to Eden, by diverting the attention of men from this world to another.

¶ All religious denominations now dimly perceive the trend of the times, and are gradually omitting theology from their teachings and taking on ethics and sociology instead. We are evolving theology out and sociology in. Theology has ever been the foe of progress and the enemy of knowl-

edge. It has professed to know all, having a revelation direct from the Creator Himself, and has placed a penalty on all investigation and advancement.

The age of enlightenment will not be here until every church has evolved into a schoolhouse, and every preacher is both a teacher and a pupil.



Nature Is On The Side Of Those Who Put Their Trust In Her

Vacations

HERE are three good reasons why all employes should have vacations. One is so the employer can see how easily anybody and everybody's place can be filled. The next is so the employe can see, when he returns, how well he can be spared, since things go right along without him. The third is so the employe can show the employer, and the employer can understand that the employe is not manipulating the accounts or engineering deals for his own benefit. Many a defalcation could have been avoided had the trusted man been sent away for a few weeks every year, and an outsider put in his place. Beyond these, the vacation has little excuse.

As a matter of recuperation the vacation does not recuperate, since as a rule, no man

needs a vacation so much as the person who has just had one.

The man who is so run down that he needs a vacation can never adjust or reform himself in two weeks. What he really needs is to reform his life.

To work during the year at so rapid a pace that in August one's vitality is exhausted, and a rest demanded is rank folly. What we all need is enough vacation every day so that we can face each morning with health sufficient to do our work in gladness. That is to say, we need enough of a play-spell every day to keep us in good physical condition. The man who is done up and fagged out has not found his work. And the man who lives during the year in anticipation of a vacation does not deserve one, for he has not ascertained that it is work, and not vacations, that makes life endurable.

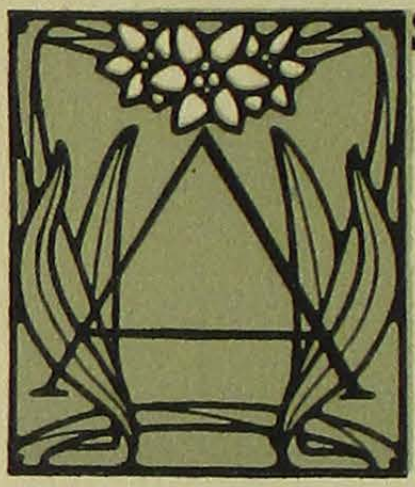
There be good people who travel by the gorge route so incessantly that their livers finally go on a strike, palates finally declare a lock-out, and then they laud Bernarr

Mac Fadden, and proclaim fasting a virtue. All this until reasonable health returns, when they again buy commutation tickets via the whirlpool and play hockey with their in'ards. If you hustle so continually that your system demands a vacation, you have gotten where you cannot do good work.

If you have reached a point where you can not do good work, you can not enjoy your vacation. If you absolutely need a vacation you are not in the mood to enjoy it, because it is thrust upon you by necessity, willy-nilly. Things forced upon us are never pleasant. The only man who can really enjoy an outing is the man who does not need it. And the man who keeps his system so strong and well balanced that he does not need a vacation is the one who will eventually marry the proprietor's daughter and have his name on the sign ☙ Before you manage a business, you would better learn how to manage your cosmos.

I know, because I take vacations myself.

IN RE SUCCESS



AS a rule, the man who can do all things equally well is a very mediocre individual. Those who stand out before a groping world as beacon-lights were men of great faults and unequal performances. It is quite needless to add that they do not live on account of their faults or imperfections, but in spite of them. ¶ Henry David Thoreau's place in the common heart of humanity grows firmer and more secure as the seasons pass; and his life proves for us again the paradoxical fact, that the only men who really succeed are those who fail.

Thoreau's obscurity, his poverty, his lack of public recognition in life, either as a writer or lecturer, his rejection as a lover, his failure in business, and his early death, form a combination of calamities that make him as immortal as a martyr ❧ Especially

does an early death sanctify all and make the record complete, but the death of a naturalist while right at the height of his ability to see and enjoy—death from tuberculosis of a man who lived most of the time in open air—these things array us on the side of the man 'gainst unkind fate, and cement our sympathy and love.

Nature's care forever is for the species, and the individual is sacrificed without ruth that the race may live and progress. This dumb indifference of nature to the individual—this apparent contempt for the man—seems to prove that the individual is only a phenomenon. Man is merely a manifestation, a symptom, a symbol, and his quick passing proves that he isn't the thing. Nature does not care for him—she produces a million beings in order to get one who has thoughts—all are swept into the dustpan of oblivion but the one who thinks; he alone lives, embalmed in the memories of generations unborn. ¶ The Thoreau race is dead. In Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord there

is a monument marking a row of mounds where a half-dozen Thoreaus rest ☙ The inscriptions are all of one size, but the name of one Thoreau alone lives, and he lives because he had thoughts and expressed them for the people.

One of the most insistent errors ever put out was that statement of Rousseau, paraphrased in part by Thomas Jefferson, that all men are born free and equal. No man was ever born free, and no two are equal, and would not remain so an hour, even if Jove, through caprice, should make them so. If any of the tribe of Thoreau get into Elysium, it will be by tagging close to the only man among them who glorified his Maker by using his reason. Nothing should be claimed as truth that can not be demonstrated, but as a hypothesis (borrowed from Henry Thoreau), I give you this: Man is only the tool or vehicle—Mind alone is

immortal—Thought is

THE THING.

The New Thought

THERE are two kinds of thought: New Thought & Second-Hand Thought. New Thought is made up of thoughts you, yourself, think. The other kind is supplied to you by jobbers. The distinguishing feature of New Thought is its antiquity. Of necessity it is older than Second-Hand Thought. All genuine New Thought is true for the person who thinks it ❧ It only turns sour and becomes error when not used, and when the owner forces another to accept it ❧ It then becomes a Second-Hand revelation. All New Thought is revelation, and Second-Hand revelations are errors half-soled by stupidity and heeled by greed.

Very often we are inspired to think by others, but in our hearts we have the New Thought and the person, the book, the incident, merely reminds us that it is already

ours. ¶ New Thought is always simple; Second-Hand Thought is abstruse, complex, patched, peculiar, costly, and is passed out to be accepted, not understood. That no one comprehends it is often regarded as a recommendation.

For instance, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image," is Second-Hand Thought. The first man who said it may have known what it meant, but we don't. However, that does not keep us from piously repeating it, and having our children memorize it. We model in clay or wax, and carve if we can, and give honors to those who do, and this is well. This commandment is founded on the fallacy that graven images are gods, whatever that is ✍ The command adds nothing to our happiness, nor does it shape our conduct, nor influence our habits. Everybody knows and admits its futility, yet we are unable to eliminate it from our theological system. It is strictly Second-Hand—worse, it is junk.

Conversely, the admonition, "Be gentle

and keep your voice low," is New Thought, since all but savages know its truth, comprehend its import, and appreciate its excellence.

Dealers in Second-Hand Thought always declare that theirs is the only genuine, and that all other is spurious and dangerous.

Dealers in New Thought say, "Take this only as it appeals to you as your own—accept it all, or in part, or reject it all—and in any event, do not believe it merely because I say so."

New Thought is founded on the laws of your own nature, and its shibboleth is, "Know Thyself."

Second-Hand Thought is founded on authority, and its war-cry is, "Pay and Obey."

¶ New Thought offers you no promise of paradise or eternal bliss if you accept it; nor does it threaten you with everlasting hell, if you don't. All it offers is unending work, constant effort, new difficulties, beyond each success a new trial ❧ Its only satisfactions are that you are allowing your

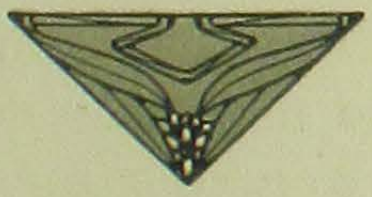
life to unfold itself according to the laws of its nature. And these laws are divine, therefore you yourself are divine just as you allow the divine to possess your being. New Thought allows the currents of divinity to flow through you unobstructed.

Second-Hand Thought affords no plan of elimination; it tends to congestion, inflammation, disease, and disintegration.

New Thought holds all things lightly, gently, easily, even thought. It works for a healthy circulation, and tends to health, happiness and well-being now and hereafter. It does not believe in violence, force, coercion or resentment, because all these things react on the doer. It has faith that all men, if not interfered with by other men, will eventually evolve New Thought, and do for themselves what is best and right, beautiful and true.

Second-Hand Thought has always had first in its mind the welfare of the dealer. The rights of the consumer, beyond keeping him in subjection, were not considered. In-

deed, its chief recommendation has been that "it is a good police system."
New Thought considers only the user. To "Know Thyself" is all there is of it.
When a creator of New Thought goes into the business of retailing his product, he often forgets to live it, and soon is transformed into a dealer in Second-Hand thought ❧ That is the way all purveyors in Second-Hand revelation begin ❧ In their anxiety to succeed, they call in the police. The blessing that is compulsory is not wholly good, and any system of morals which has to be forced on us is immoral. ¶ New Thought is free thought. Its penalty is responsibility. You have to live it, or lose it. Its reward is Freedom.



Satan Still Finds Mischief For Idle Ships To Do

Work, Love & Power

ANY one taking a trip up the Rhine cannot but be seriously impressed with the fact that the chief business of man, until yesterday, was war

At every bend of the storied river is a castle. Each point of vantage is crowned with a redoubt, or the ruins of one, where men, armed with every known weapon of their time, once bade defiance to other men, and challenged their brothers. No man could travel without an armed guard—every man went laden with the instruments of death.

The history of the race is a history of war and blood. The men who could kill most and quickest, were the men who owned the earth, and those who destroyed most were those to whom all honors were paid. Very gradually things have changed, until

over the fairest portion of the earth, life and property are now secure. Men who mind their own business have nothing to fear, and those are safest who carry no weapons. The honors are going to men who build up; who can create. Within proper limits we may express ourselves upon any subject of vital interest—we give men the right to their own opinions, and everywhere it is understood that a man has a perfect right to be wrong in his conclusions as well as right. ¶ No more striking proof of change is found than in the fact that recently we have found public opinion forcing arbitration upon men who "had nothing to arbitrate." The men who owned those rock-ribbed fortresses and castles on the Rhine once had nothing to arbitrate. They took their position and held it—but not forever.

It is the people who rule, for strong men are only strong as they are backed up by the people. When the people feel deeply and think sanely, and vibrate together, "the rulers" quickly fall into line. ¶ And now it

has come to pass that people object to being used as stones and sticks to fight the battle of the seeming strong ❧ Their quibbles, quarrels, feuds and selfish struggles for power are none of ours. Helen and Paris may elope for all of us—that is their affair—and all of Priam's loud calls of "To arms" fall upon the ears of men who have work to do at home.

And here is a prophecy: In America conscription will never again be attempted. It has gone and gone forever. Arbitrate your differences—you both are right, and both are wrong. Fighting may test which side is the strongest, but not which side is nearest right ❧ ❧

Calm deliberation will bring us near to truth, but heat, anger, strife and war only drive her far afield.

That the world is fast getting rid of the thought of physical strife is very sure, but let us not plume ourselves too much about it—we have a long way to travel yet. The idea of danger is strong upon us; we have

not gotten rid of the thought of struggle and strife.

"Society is in league against all of its members," wrote Emerson. And as once every clan was at enmity with every other clan, and every nation at war with every other nation, so yet does man in his heart distrust every other man. Suspicion, hate, jealousy, apprehension—all forms of fear—fill the hearts of men. The newspapers that have the largest circulation are those whose columns bulge with tales of disgrace, defeat and death. If joy comes to you the news will go unheralded, but should great grief, woe, disgrace and hopes dashed upon the rocks be your portion, the wires will flash the news from continent to continent, and flaring headlines will tell the tale to people who never before heard of you.

And all this goes to prove that it is a satisfaction to a vast number of people to hear of the downfall of others—it is a gratification to them to know that disaster has caught some one in the toils. The newspapers print

what the people want, and thus does the savage still swing his club and flourish his spear ❧ ❧

Ride in any American city, on the morning cars, or upon any suburban train, and note the greedy grab for the daily papers, and observe how the savory morsels of scandal are rolled beneath the tongue. So long as men glory in the defeat of other men, it is a perversion of words to call this a Christian land ❧ ❧

But as clan once united with clan, and nation with nation for a mutual protection, so do a goodly number of people now recognize that men should unite with men—not only in deeds, but in thought—for a mutual benefit.

To hold a thought of fear is to pollute the mind—prejudice poisons, jealousy is a thing to zealously avoid, and hate hurts worst the one who hates.

And the argument is this: So long as the thought of rivalry is rife, and jealousy, fear, unrest and hate are in our minds, we are

still in the savage state. ¶ War robs men of their divine birthright, and turns the tide of being back to chaos. You have so much life—what will you do with it? If you use it in pulling down other lives, you shall soon forfeit your own. And even though you do not do an overt destructive act, the thought of hate and fear reacts to your disadvantage, honeycombs the will and tends to destroy the tissues of your body.

Every school, factory, store and institution is to a degree a hotbed of strife, jealousy and heart-burning ❧ Plot and counterplot fill the air. There is disappointment, discontent and apprehension everywhere. The employes or helpers unite in friendships, and all exclusive friendships breed factions, feuds and tend in the end to separate men. Beware of chums—they only pool their weaknesses ❧ He is strongest who stands alone. Be a friend to all—stand by all—speak well of all. If you lend a willing ear to any man's troubles, you make them your own, and you do not lessen his.

By listening to tales of trouble you absorb trouble—that is to say, you take discord into your being. And the more discord you have in your cosmos the weaker are you—you are that much nearer death and dissolution. The more harmony you possess the stronger you are. The institution that succeeds in a masterly way is the one that has at its head a man of strong, stern and inflexible purpose. The more this man keeps his eye on the central idea—the more he focuses on his work—and keeps fear and hesitation and distrust at bay, the more sure he is to win.

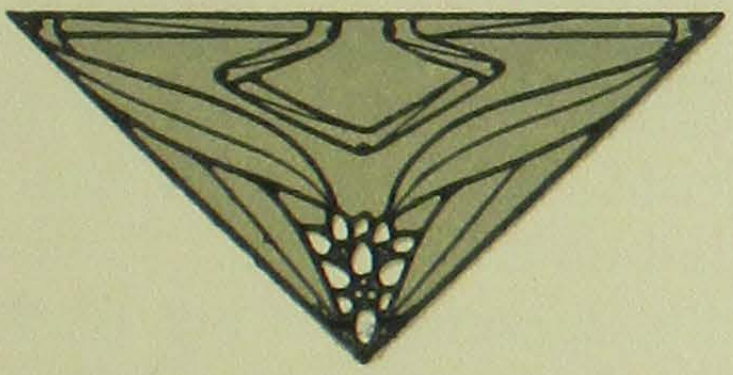
The soil is bounteous, the mountains full of precious gifts, the opportunity to work is everywhere. Society needs men who can serve it—humanity wants help, the help of the strong, sensible, unselfish man. The age is crying for men—civilization wants men who can save it from dissolution; and those who can benefit it most are those who are freest from prejudice, hate, revenge, whim and fear.

Two thousand years ago lived One who saw the absurdity of a man loving only His friends—He saw that this meant faction; lines of social cleavage, with ultimate discord and so He painted the truth large, and declared we should love our enemies and do good to those who might despitefully use us. He was one with the erring, the weak, the insane, the poor, and so free was He from prejudice and fear that we have confounded Him with Deity, and confused Him with the maker of the worlds. He was one set apart, because He had no competition in matter of love. It is not necessary for us to leave our tasks and pattern our lives after His, but if we can imitate His divine patience and keep thoughts of discord out of our lives, we, too, can work such wonders that men will indeed truthfully say that we are the Sons of God.

There isn't much rivalry here—be patient, generous, kind, even to foolish folk and absurd people. Do not extricate yourself—be one with all—be universal. So little com-

petition is there in this line that any man in any walk of life, who puts jealousy, hate and fear behind him can make himself distinguished. And all good things shall be his —they will flow to him. Power gravitates to the man who can use it—and love is the highest form of power that exists. If ever a man shall live who has infinite power, he will be found to be one who has infinite love. And the way to be patient, and generous—to free yourself from discord—is not to take a grip on yourself and strive to be kind—not that. Just don't think much about it, but lose yourself in your work. ¶ Do not go out of your way to do good, but do good whenever it comes your way. Men who make a business of doing good to others are apt to hate others in the same occupation ☙ Simply be filled with the thought of good and it will radiate—you do not have to bother about it any more than you need trouble about your digestion. Do not be disturbed about saving your soul—it will be saved if you make it worth saving.

Do your work. Think the good. And evil, which is a negative condition, shall be swallowed up by good. Think no evil; and if you think only good, you will think no evil. Life is a search for power. To have power you must have life, and life in abundance. And life in abundance comes only through great love.



Why May Not The Race Attain What One Man May Attain

EMULATION

HEN an ambitious young man from the "provinces" signified to Robert Ingersoll his intention of coming to Peoria and earning an honest living, he was encouraged by the Bishop of Agnosticism with the assurance that he would find no competition.

Personally, speaking for my single self, I should say that no man is in so dangerous a position as he who has no competition in well doing. Competition is not only the life of trade but of everything else. There have been times when I have thought that I had no competition in truth-telling, and then to prevent complacency I entered into competition with myself and endeavored to outdo my record.

The natural concentration of business concerns in one line, in one locality, suggests

the advantages that accrue from attrition and propinquity ❧ Everybody is stirred to increased endeavor; everybody knows the scheme which will not work, for elimination is a great factor in success; the knowledge that one has is the acquirement of all. Strong men must match themselves against strong men—good wrestlers will need only good wrestlers. And so in a match of wit rivals out-classed go unnoticed, and there is always an effort to go the adversary one better.

Our socialist comrades tell us that "emulation" is the better word and that "competition" will have to go. The fact is that the thing itself will ever remain the same; what you call it matters little ❧ We have, however, shifted the battle from the purely physical to the mental and psychic plane. But it is competition still, and the reason competition will remain is because it is beautiful, beneficent and right. It is the desire to excel. Lovers are always in competition with each other to see who can love

most. ¶ The best results are obtained where competition is the most free and most severe —read history. The orator speaks and the man who rises to reply would better have something to say ❧ If your studio is next door to that of a great painter you would better get you to your easel, and quickly, too. ¶ The alternating current gives power: only an obstructed current gives either heat or light; all good things require difficulty. The mutual admiration society is largely given up to criticism.

Wit is progressive. Cheap jokes go with cheap people, but when you are with those of subtle insight, who make close mental distinctions, you should muzzle your mood, if perchance you be a bumpkin.

Conversation with good people is progressive, and progressive inversely, usually, where only one sex is present ❧ Excellent people feel the necessity of saying something better than has been said, otherwise silence is more becoming ❧ He who launches a commonplace where high thoughts prevail, is quickly

labeled as one who is with the yesterdays that lighted fools a-down their way to dusty death

Genius has always come in groups, because groups produce the friction that generates light. Competition with fools is not bad—fools teach the imbecility of repeating their performances. A man learns from this one, and that; he lops off absurdity, strengthens here and bolsters there, until in his soul there grows up an ideal, which he materializes in stone or bronze, on canvas, by spoken word, or with the twenty odd little symbols of Cadmus.

Greece had her group when the wit of Aristophanes sought to overtop the stately lines of Æschylus; Praxiteles outdid Ictinus; and wayside words uttered by Socrates were to outlast them all.

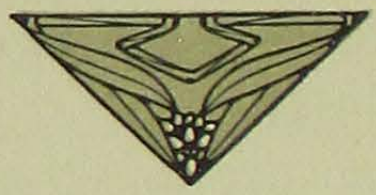
Rome had her group when all the arts sought to rival the silver speech of Cicero.

One art never flourishes alone—they go together, each man doing the thing he can do best. All the arts are really one and this

one art is simply Expression—the expression of Mind speaking through its highest instrument, Man.

Happy is the child born into a family where there is a competition of ideas, and the recurring themes are truth and love. This problem of education is not so much of a problem after all. Educated people have educated children.

Recipe for educating your child: EDUCATE YOURSELF.



THE FACT IS THAT LIFE LIES IN MUTUAL SERVICE—ANY OTHER COURSE IS MERELY EXISTENCE

PATIENCE WINS

IT is well to realize that it is the patient man who wins ❧ To do your work and not be anxious about results, is the best way to go after and secure a big result. This does not mean that you are to sell yourself as a slave ❧ If your present position does not give you an opportunity to grow, and you know of a better place, why go to the better place, by all means. The point I make is simply this: If you care to remain in a place, you can never better your position by striking for higher wages or favors of any kind.

The employe who drives a sharp bargain and is fearful that he will not get all he earns, never will. There are men who are set on a hair trigger—always ready to make demands when there is a rush of work, and

who threaten to walk out if their demands are not acceded to. The demands may be acceded to, but this kind of help is always marked on the time book for dismissal, when work gets scarce and business dull. Such men are out of employment about half the time, and the curious part of it is, they never know why. As a matter of pure worldly wisdom—just cold-blooded expediency—if I were an employe I would never mention wages. I would focus right on my work and do it.

The man that endures is the man that wins. I would never harass my employer with inopportune propositions. I would give him peace, and I would lighten his burdens. Personally I would never be in evidence, unless it were positively necessary—my work would tell its own story.

The cheerful worker who goes ahead and makes himself a necessity to the business—never adding to the burden of his superiors—will sooner or later get all that is his due, and more. He will not only get pay for

his work, but he will get a bonus for his patience, and another for his good cheer ❧ ¶ The man who makes a strike to have his wages raised from fifteen to eighteen dollars a week may get the increase, and then his wages will stay there. Had he kept quiet and just been intent on making himself a five-thousand-dollar-man, he might have gravitated straight to a five-thousand-dollar desk. I would not risk spoiling my chances for a large promotion by asking for a small one. And it is but a trite truism to say that no man ever received a large promotion because he demanded it—he got it because he could fill the position, and for no other reason. Ask the man who receives a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year salary how he managed to bring it about, and he will tell you that he just did his work as well as he could. Never did such a man go on a strike. The most successful strike is a defeat; and had this man been a striker by nature, sudden and quick to quarrel, jealous of his rights, things would have conspired to keep him

down and under. I do not care how clever he may be or how well educated, his salary would have been eighteen a week at the farthest, with a very tenuous hold upon his job.

He that endureth unto the end shall be saved.

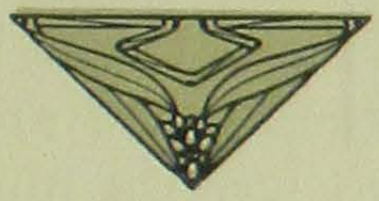
At hotels the man who complains is the man against whom the servants are ever in league; and the man who complains most is the man who has the least at home.

If you are defamed, let time vindicate you —silence is a thousand times better than explanation. Explanations do not explain. Let your life be its own excuse for being—cease all explanations and all apologies, and just live your life ❧ By minding your own business, you give others an opportunity to mind theirs; and depend upon it, the great souls will appreciate you for this very thing.

¶ I am not sure that absolute, perfect justice comes to everybody in this world; but I do know that the best way to get justice is not to be too anxious about it.

As love goes to those who do not lie in wait for it, so does the great reward gravitate to the patient man.

It is but common to believe in him who
believes in himself, but if you would
do aught uncommon, believe yet
in him who does not be-
lieve in himself.



For Reward And Wage Give Us The Privilege of Going On

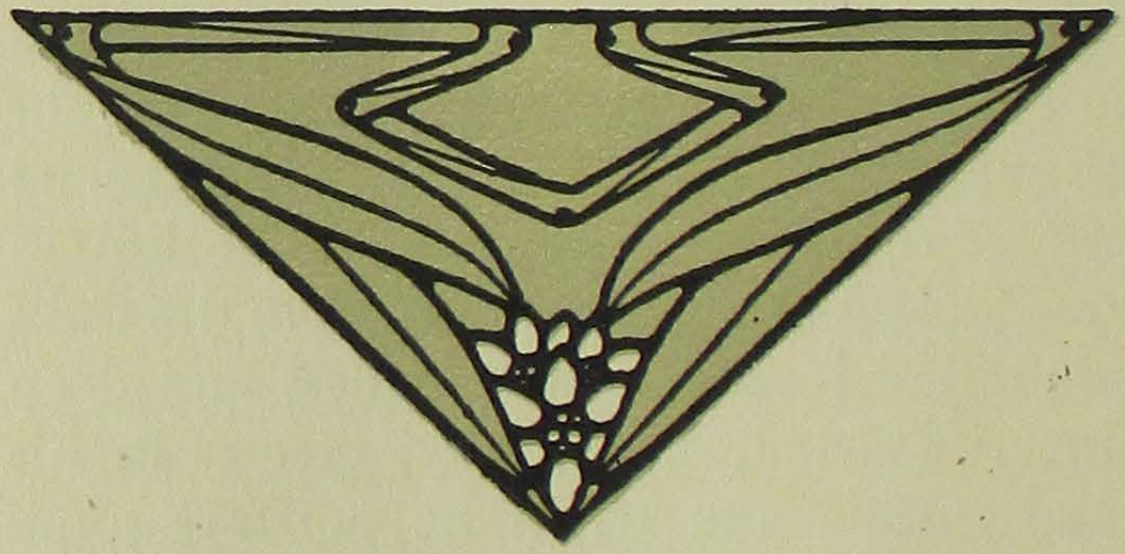
Your Other Self

ORK to please yourself and you develop and strengthen the artistic conscience Cling to that and it shall be your mentor in times of doubt; you need no other. There are writers who would scorn to write a muddy line, and would hate themselves for a year and a day should they dilute their thought with the platitudes of the fear-ridden people Be yourself and speak your mind to-day, though it contradict all you have said before. And above all, in art, work to please yourself—that other self that stands over and behind you looking over your shoulder, watching your every act, word and deed—knowing your every thought.

Michael Angelo would not paint a picture on order. "I have a critic who is more exacting than you," said Meissonier, "it is

my other self." Rosa Bonheur painted pictures just to please her other self, and never gave a thought to any one else, and having painted to please herself, she made her appeal to the great common heart of humanity—the tender, the noble, the receptive, the earnest, the sympathetic, the lovable. That is why Rosa Bonheur stands first among women artists of all time: she worked to please her other self. That is the reason Rembrandt, who lived at the time Shakespeare lived, is to-day without a rival in portraiture. He had the courage to make an enemy. When at work he never thought of any one but his other self, and so he infused soul into every canvas. The limpid eyes looked down into yours from the walls and tell of love, pity, earnestness and deep sincerity. Man, like Deity, creates in his own image, and when he portrays some one else, he pictures himself, too—this provided his work is art. If it is but an imitation of something seen somewhere, or done by some one else, or done to please a patron

with money, no breath of life has been breathed into its nostrils, and it is nothing, save possibly dead perfection—no more. Is it easy to please your other self? Try it for a day. Begin to-morrow morning and say, "This day I will live as becomes a man. I will be filled with good cheer and courage. I will do what is right; I will work for the highest; I will put soul into every hand-grasp, every smile, every expression—into all my work. I will live to satisfy my other self." You think it is easy? Try it for a day.



All Help Must Be Mutual. The Benefits Of Help Lie As Much In The Giving As In The Receiving

Woman as a Chattel

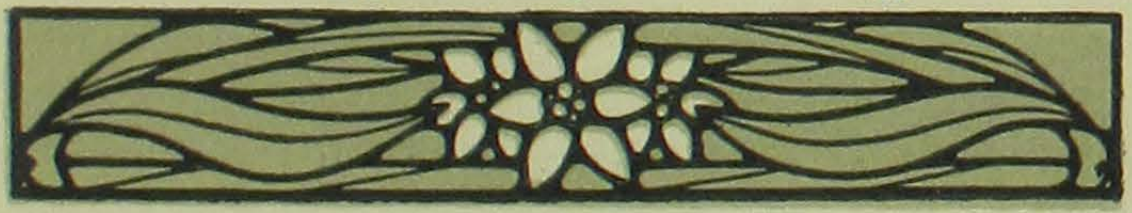
OMAN as a wage-earner, having property rights, has not been seriously considered. She has been held as a chattel by man and that he leaves her something in his will is a generosity on his part ❧ The laws in the United States generally concede that the use of a third of the joint property of a husband and wife is the wife's share, this third at the widow's death to revert to some heir the husband has named in his will. We must admit that marriage as it now exists is a business partnership. Sentiment seems to forbid separate ownership of property for husband and wife, but sentiment does not provide that any just arrangement shall be made in the division of the property accumulated during the business partnership of this man and

woman, when the partnership in business ceases ❧ ❧

If a just estimate of the earning power of the woman were made, and an honest record kept of her earnings, even if they were only that of housekeeper, mother, and conserver of property, and this sum and no more given to the woman, the lawyers would not be so busy rushing widows' claims before the courts, nor would the widows have the humiliation of being compelled to be subject to the law in getting what they have earned ❧ Nor would she be led into the unseemliness of flaunting finery before frail, masculine men, bought by money she did not earn.

The abolition of the law of inheritance would stop, in large degree, the hoarding of property by old men who clutch it to the last. They would and should distribute it during life, to those who have earned the right to it by showing they know how to use it, and so we will get a quicker and better distribution.

Property not distributed during a man's lifetime should be left to the state for public improvements, and the fact that we now have a tax of five per cent on inheritances, in some states, is the first entering wedge. ¶ The fact that the courts have now decided in various ways that a dead man's wish, when contrary to public weal, need not be regarded, is a finger that points that way. All that remains is for the public at large to recognize the truth that what a man does not earn does not benefit him, and the abolition of the laws of entail and inheritance will follow, and the only protest will come from those who want something for nothing. We are all heirs to the knowledge of the past—on this there is no penalty, for we have to put forth effort to get knowledge, and have to work to use it. Equality of opportunity is the thing desired.



The Eye Reveals The Soul; The Mouth The Flesh; But The Voice Tells All

Voice as Symbol

It is well to cultivate a mild, gentle and sympathetic voice, and the one way to secure a mild, gentle and sympathetic voice is to be mild, gentle and sympathetic ☙ The voice is the index of the soul. Children do not pay much attention to your words—they judge of your intents by your voice. Your voice reassures. "My sheep know my voice." We judge each other more by voice than by language, for voice colors speech, and if your voice does not corroborate your words, doubt will follow. We are won or repelled by a voice. Your dog does not obey your words—he does, however, read your intents in your voice.

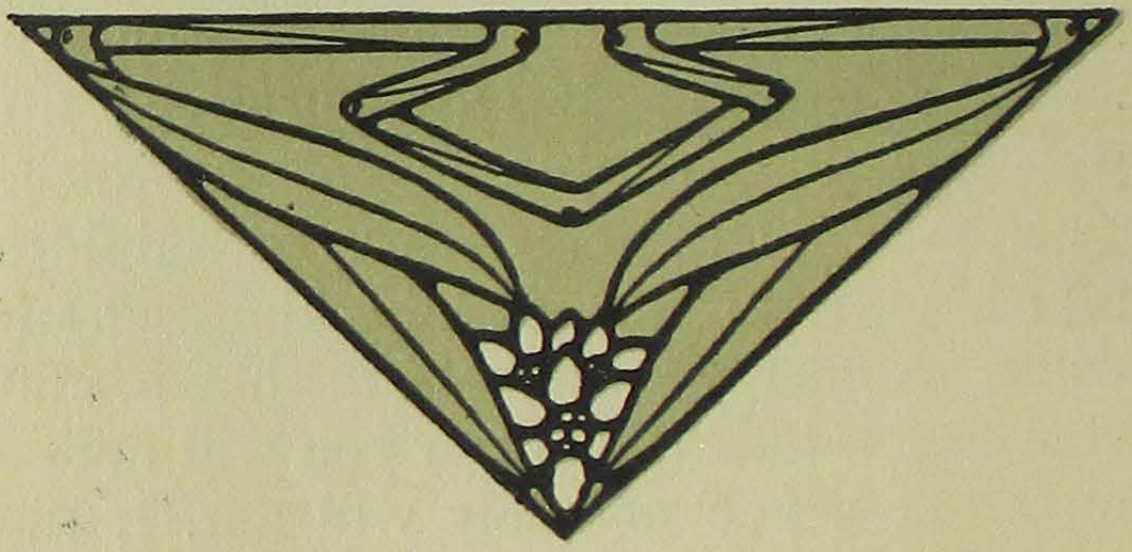
The best way to cultivate the voice is not to think about it. Actions become regal only

when they are unconscious; and the voice that convinces, that holds us captive, that leads and lures us on, is used by its owner unconsciously ☙ Fix your mind on the thought, and the voice will follow. If you fear you will not be understood, you are losing the thought—it is slipping away from you—and you are thinking of the voice. Then your voice rises to a screech, subsides into a purr, or bellows like the vagrant winds. Anxiety and intent are shown, and your case is lost. If you fear you will not be understood, you probably will not. If the voice is allowed to come naturally, easily, and gently, it will take on every tint and emotion of the mind.

So to get back to the place of beginning, my advice is this: The way to cultivate the voice is not to cultivate it. ¶ The voice is the sounding board of the soul. God made it right. If your soul is filled with truth, your voice will vibrate with love, echo with sympathy, and fill your hearers with the desire to do, to be and to

become ☙ Your desire will be theirs. By their voices ye shall know them.

Peace—be still! Feel that, and then say it, and your voice shall be a word of command that even the elements will obey.



Genius Is Only a Great Storage Battery Of Joyousness

Genius a Mystery

NEVER saw a genius, and really do not know what a genius is, but surely there is plenty of precedent for speaking upon themes concerning which we know nothing. But my idea is that a genius is a man who has the faculty of doing certain excellent things in a masterly way. What other men work out with sweat and lamp-smoke this man does jauntily, joyously, and without seeming thought or effort. While others are talking about the thing, he does it. And he can never tell how or why. No dictionary can define this faculty of genius. No chemist can analyze it.

It seems to be a flash of the divine spark that goes straight to the heart of things. The man simply sees—that is all. And seeing he says, or writes, or paints, or acts.

And depend upon this: direct and forceful doing is always the result of direct and vivid seeing. When you write luminously, without fog or mist, it is because there is no fog in your brain. Before you can make others see the picture you must first see it yourself. ¶ All of those explanations about genius being "the ability to concentrate," and "the capacity for hard work," are clever but fallacious. You may have "the ability to concentrate" and "the capacity for hard work" and yet be mediocre. To be sure, the genius has the ability to concentrate, but he has something more. Some of us who have tuppance worth of talent can conserve it, and by judicious exercise and tutoring grow to a point where we do fairly good work. But where is the professor of literature who could have shown Shakespeare how to write "Hamlet," or the art school that could have instructed Michael Angelo how to fresco the Chapel of Sixtus, or the painter who could have mixed the colors for Turner's "Carthage," or the

pedagog who could have instructed Edison in physics?

Yet we know nothing is done by chance. The miraculous is but the natural not yet understood. There are laws that regulate this supreme flash of the intellect. But all we know is that at long intervals we see its manifestation. Genius seems to be a sample of God's power, sent just to show us the possible. If one man out of a million may be supremely wise and efficient for a little while, why may he not in time be wise and efficient all the time? And what one man may attain, why may not the race attain?

Emerson says, "A man is a god in ruins." This seems to imply that man is a failure, but the real fact is, Emerson, in this instance, has reversed the truth. A man is a god in the chrysalis.

Now the genius is only a genius a part of the time. His moments of insight are transient, and there may be days or weeks or months that are fallow. Then comes a quick gathering up of forces and a glory stands

revealed for which the man had been groping for years.

Corot, catching the sunlight on his palette and transferring it to canvas, was once so surprised and gladdened that he burst into song, and shouted for joy. And wishing to share this joy with another he looked about, and saw a peasant trudging along the road. Corot ran to him, embraced the astonished man, and seizing him by the arm, ran him across the meadow, and standing him before the canvas, said, "Look at that! Look at that! I've got it at last—look at that!"

¶ The peasant didn't see it—he hadn't been looking for it—and the sunlight not being in his soul, he could not perceive it when it was mirrored in a picture.

No, the peasant didn't see it, but he saw a "wild look" in Corot's eyes, and making haste to disengage himself, went home and told his wife that the painter-man was crazy. But Corot wasn't crazy. He was as sane to the last as Walt Whitman.

The fact that one man sees things the

average man cannot, and knows things the average man does not, is no proof of insanity —hardly, brother!

Corot was not crazy—he merely seemed crazy

"This man hath a devil and is mad"—but he was not, that was only the opinion of certain good people.

Men of supreme intellect do not go insane —it is lack of intellect that makes most of the trouble. And so the opposite of things always seems alike When Shakespeare said, "Great genius is to madness near allied," he knew better He was just passing out a popular fallacy to tickle the ears of the groundlings.

But this little extension of mental power which we call genius, has ever gotten its owner into trouble People cannot comprehend it, and so they resent it. It is an insult—the man does not conform—he goes his own gait—he forgets the things that to others are vital: cards, curds and custards are nothing to him. He sees God in the

burning bush and wants to ask Him a question

Read the history of Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron, and you read a tale of family and domestic woe.

The genius is a sore trial. Even Jesus was not exempt. His mother and brethren saw the extravagance of his acts, and wished to take him back in safety to their country home. And he, wearied with their importunities, once for a moment lost his poise, and with a touch of impatience said to his mother, "Woman, what have I to do with thee!"

Should a genius marry, let him follow the example of Goethe, who used to refer to his wife as "a convenient loaf of brown bread." Of course, the ideal would be to find a woman whose mind matches his own —who knows his worth and sympathizes with his ideals—and here our memory runs straight to the Brownings.

But the chances are that the genius neither

takes to himself the loaf of brown bread nor does he find his Elizabeth Barrett ❧ And being a genius only at intervals, and the rest of the time an average man, he marries an average woman.

Opinions, as usual, are divided as to whether the man is a genius or a fool. His kinsmen, who have known him from childhood, say he is a fool or a rogue—his conduct to them is always an affront ❧ The wife wishes to keep on good terms with her kinsmen and with society, and still she wishes to be loyal to her husband. She wishes to help him—to be his inspiration.

The pace is too rapid—the woman grows breathless from running, and seeks to hold the man back. He tries to carry her, but finds he cannot. She wishes to minister to his "higher nature," but how can she when he seems to want nothing but to be let alone! ❧ Her dissatisfaction is with herself, but this she does not know. We lay blame elsewhere, and take all credit to ourselves. The great outside world of men and women

does not know the man excepting by his work. They see his picture, his statue, his book, or they listen to his oration, his song, or watch his performance from the parquet. He gives to the public his best, and the public breaks into applause. They demand his autograph, his photograph, they want the honor of shaking hands with him. His wife is pointed out as a mere appendage—nobody cares for her!

Ah! she will show them! Straightway she sets out to be clever, too. She seeks to rival her liege and turn the current of admiration her way. She writes a book, or prepares a "paper," or sings in public, or "recites," or displays her beauty in unique, peculiar and splendid gowns.

But alas! letters still come demanding her husband's autograph, women stare at her coldly—it is all for him! She is powerless against his genius, and so is he.

Chills of fear and fevers of heat chase each other across the soul. The public does not know her husband! It sees only the one

side. She knows him—yes, I guess so. He deceives the public into the belief that he is some great one ✍ The words of unkind criticism and vituperation that she occasionally sees in the newspapers please her. The kinsmen are right—the man is a fakir, a fraud, a pretender—she knows—I guess so! He no longer loves her—he goes to the woods alone. He does not tell her his plans. He declines to go to receptions or fetes—he writes or works half the night.

She now demands attention as her due—asserts her rights, and boldly affronts the autograph fiends and bids the fools who come on pious pilgrimages, begone.

She mistakes her husband's abstraction for stupidity, and seeks to rail him into a better way of life. She chides, rebukes, and he—awakening out of his lethargy—proves his common clay by railing back.

Alas! It confirms her suspicions—he is only clay and common clay at that.

When a man ceases to pay court to his wife, other men are apt to. Her callers are smart

in attire, quick in repartee, clever, attentive. They are like the suitors in the house of Ulysses—they overrun the place.

But not eternally—for one fine day a tenor being too smart, laboring under the popular illusion that the genius is a fool, finds himself kicked into the street, and a clarionet (through error) tossed after him.

There are feminine tears, threats, protests in contralto—and now surely the man is no genius: he is simply a plain brute: a wife-beater—or nearly so.

She is losing her husband—he is no longer wholly hers—he is slipping away, away. Their house is no longer a home—it is only an office or a studio! She begins a system of espionage—letters are opened—duplicate keys play their part—servants are taken into her confidence And her punishment consists in finding her suspicions true We find that for which we seek. "That which I feared has come upon me." The thing we fear we bring to pass.

And now the heart that should be filled

with tenderness and gentle mother-love becomes an abyss of cruelty and revenge. She is willing, aye, anxious to disgrace, destroy and damn to lowest hell that which she once worshipped as divine.

"The man is to blame," you say. And you are right — His offense lies in his power, against which he is powerless. If he had not the power to express, to do, to influence, to mold, to attract, he would never have given offense to this woman or any one else — He is to blame; but yet he is blameless because he is what he is. And she is blameless for the same reason.

The artist is always selfish—he sacrifices everybody and everything in order to get the work done. Cellini casting his "Perseus" and throwing into the molten mass all of the family plate in order to get the statue complete, reveals the man. Palissy burning up the furniture in order to bring the furnace to the proper degree of heat, is the true type — And here is my advice to all women who are married to men who love

their work better than they love their wives: ❧ Do not nag, do not struggle, do not obstruct, do not fight, do not rival—just be yourself ❧ You are only lovable when you are yourself. Be a nobody, and sink yourself in your work, just as your husband sinks himself in his ❧ If your husband is great, he is great on account of his work—that is his virtue. He knows this, and his admiration is for the person who does his work. ¶ And in useful work, at the last, there is no degree. It is all necessary, and the woman told of by Theodore Parker, who swept the room to the glory of God, deserves and shall have her crown of reward.

Just here I feel like apologizing for having referred to a woman—any woman—as "a convenient loaf of brown bread." It was Goethe's expression, and not mine. I have too much respect for womanhood to speak lightly of women. The best that is in my soul has been absorbed from women. So I would rather put a new construction on Goethe's simile and say there is nothing

more nutritious, nothing more useful, and nothing so satisfying as brown bread. If you are a loaf of brown bread, thank God; but do not pretend you are a frosted cake, or a plum pudding. You will surely disappoint somebody, and there will be for you a day of reckoning.

The clerk at the ribbon counter may be won by frosted cake with frills, sprinkled with red sanded sugar and caraway seed, but not so the man of power ❧ He wants brown bread.

And at the last the woman who can sink her oriental instincts, and be willing to be a nobody, simply do her work and sweep her room to the glory of God, completes the circle and reveals the great and splendid personality ❧ By giving all, she shall win all. Simple honesty, simple integrity—no secrets, no conniving, no schemes!

And from my limited experience in these matters I gather that the plain and unpretentious woman often has a splendid mind, and a deal of sturdy commonsense, and is

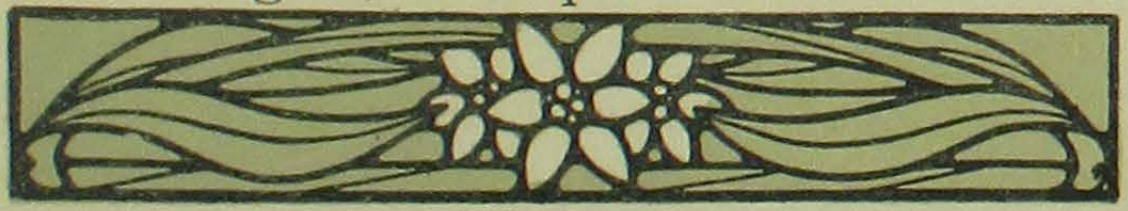
very much more likely to appreciate her husband's genius, and make allowance for his limitations, than a wife who runs rival to her lord and has a furtive eye on fame for herself ❧ Be a woman, a plain honest woman—the mother of men—and the man of power will go to you and lay his tired head in your lap, and with tears of gratitude, bless the Giver of all Good that you are his, that you minister to him, cheer him on his way, nourish and refresh him.

Maeterlinck in writing of the bees asks, "Why do they thus renounce sleep, the delights of honey and love, and exquisite leisure enjoyed, for instance, by their winged brothers, the butterfly? Two or three flowers suffice for their nourishment, yet in an hour they will visit two hundred in order to collect a treasure which they will never taste. Why all this toil and distress, and whence this mighty assurance that all is well? Is it so certain then that the new generation whereunto you offer your lives will merit the sacrifice; will be

made more beautiful, happier, will do something you have not done because you have thus toiled?"

And the bees do not answer. Neither does the genius know why he thus works, and dares, and does, and offers himself and his all for a good that is yet unguessed.

He does not know—he lives by faith. And of the Power that guides his footsteps and leads him on, he knows nothing more than does the bee ☙ Continually he hears the Voice, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest." And through snow and ice, through dust and heat, through glaring day and darkest night his answer to the Voice is ever instant and implicit obedience. The spirit of abnegation that gives all, and thereby wins all, is upon him: "Lord, here am I!" ¶ And this abnegation—this obedience that neither stands, nor sits, nor hesitates, but goes, is the price of achievement.



THE THINGS WE KNOW

N courts of law the phrase "I believe" has no standing. Never a witness gives testimony but that he is cautioned thus, "Tell us what you know, not what you believe."

In theology, belief has always been regarded as more important than that which your senses say is so.

Almost without exception "belief" is a legacy, an importation—something borrowed, an echo, often an echo of an echo.

¶ The Creed of the Future will begin, "I know," not, "I believe." And this creed will not be forced upon people. It will carry with it no coercion, no blackmail, no promise of an eternal life of idleness and ease if you accept it, and no threat of hell if you don't. It will have no paid, professional priesthood, claiming honors, rebates

and exemptions, nor will it hold vast estates free from taxation. It will not organize itself into a system, marry itself to the state, and call on the police for support. It will be so reasonable, so in the line of self-preservation, that no sane man or woman will reject it. And when we really begin to live it, we will cease to talk about it.

As a suggestion and first rough draft, I submit this—I KNOW:

That I am here
In a world where nothing is permanent but change,
And that in degree I, myself, can change the form of things
And influence a few people;
And that I am influenced by these and other people;
That I am influenced by the example and by the work of men who are no longer alive
And that the work I now do will in degree influence people who may live after my life has changed into other forms;

That a certain attitude of mind and habit of action on my part will add to the peace, happiness and well being of other people,
And that a different thought and action on my part will bring pain and discord to others,
That if I would secure reasonable happiness for myself, I must give out good-will to others,
That to better my own condition I must practice mutuality;
That bodily health is necessary to continued and effective work;
That I am largely ruled by habit,
That habit is a form of exercise,
That up to a certain point, exercise means increased strength or ease in effort;
That all life is the expression of spirit,
That my spirit influences my body,
And my body influences my spirit,
That the universe to me is very beautiful,
And anything and everybody in it good and beautiful,
When my body and my spirit are in har-

monious mood; ¶ That my thoughts are hopeful and helpful unless I am filled with fear,
And that to eliminate fear my life must be dedicated to useful work—work in which I forget myself;
That fresh air in abundance and moderate, systematic exercise in the open are the part of wisdom;
That I cannot afford, for my own sake, to be resentful nor quick to take offense,
That happiness is a great power for good,
And that happiness is not possible without moderation and equanimity;
That time turns all discords into harmony if men will but be kind and patient,
And that the reward which life holds out for work is not idleness nor rest, nor immunity from work, but increased capacity,
GREATER DIFFICULTIES, MORE WORK.

So here then endeth WHITE HYACINTHS, being a Book of the Heart, containing thoughts that have been voiced before, but not so well ❧ Done into print by *The Roycrofters* at their Shop which is in East Aurora, Erie County, New York, MCMVII

ELBERT
HVBBARD